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THE PURSUIT OF PAMELA

A COMEDY

By
revised by
C. B. FERNALD

Author of "The Cat and the Cherub," "The
Moonlight Blossom," "98-9," "The
Married Woman"

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no.

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6d.

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IN ONE ACT.

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Printed on the occasion of the 125th performance.

THE PURSUIT OF PAMELA,

By C. B. FERNALD.

First produced at The Royalty Theatre, London, November 4, 1913, with the following cast:—

ALAN CREAME	Mr. Denis Eadie.
PETER DODDER	Mr. Eric Lewis.
JOHN DODDER (<i>his brother</i>)	Mr. Campbell Gullan.
DOCTOR JOYCE	Mr. George Tully.
FAH-NI (<i>a Chinese Servant</i>)	Mr. Azooma Sheko.
HARANOBU (<i>A Japanese Innkeeper</i>)	Mr. J. Z. Coby.
JANET (<i>A Waitress</i>)	Miss Olga Ward.
UME SAN (<i>A Japanese Maid</i>)	Miss Aya Zamada.
NURSE TRACEY	Miss Eve Balfour.
PAMELA, <i>née Belthorne</i>	Miss Gladys Cooper.

A Honolulu Cabman, A Kanaka Porter, Chinese Servants, Japanese Servants and Coolies.

THE SCENES

ACT I

A Hotel Garden at Waikiki, near Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands.

ACT II

The Grounds of an Inn at "Tsuboyama," Japan, four weeks later.

ACT III

Pamela's House at Hong Kong, six weeks later.

ACT IV

A Veranda in the mountains of Alberta, three years later.

"The Pursuit of Pamela Waltz," played in the third and fourth acts, is published by MESSRS. KEITH, PROWSE & Co.

THE PURSUIT OF PAMELA

ACT I

A Hotel Garden at Waikiki, near Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands.

(PETER DODDER paces back and forth in irritation and quandary. He is 60, fussy and ineffectual. He carries an open cablegram, to which he refers near-sightedly through his spectacles. He takes off one pair of spectacles; squints through the lenses of another pair, puts the first pair on the larger table as enter JANET with a tray. She is 20, pretty and sentimental. He squints severely at her. She sighs, as lackadaisically she starts putting things on the tray from the smaller table.)

PETER (*sternly*). Young woman! Have any ladies come to this hotel to-day, from off the San Francisco steamer?

JANET. No, sir.

PETER. You are sure?

JANET. Yes, Mr. Dodder. (*She keeps looking back to whence she came.*) Only one gentleman, from off the steamer.

(*He refers again to his cablegram, changing his spectacles.*)

PETER. Have any ladies arrived, ostensibly not from off the steamer?

JANET. No, sir.

PETER (*approaching her*). I said "ladies"—plural. Now I make my question more specific. Has

any kind of female, singular, from anywhere, put up at this hotel to-day?

JANET (*bored*). No, sir.

PETER. No young person with a certain air of guileless innocence—a certain childlike self-possession?

JANET. No, sir.

PETER (*darkly, admonishing*). She had a blue ostrich feather in her hat.

JANET. Who did?

PETER. Never mind. I see you do not start with guilt. If you were guilty, I should detect the reaction on your nervous system.

JANET. Guilty of what?

PETER. Never mind. Only, remember this—I am the greatest authority in the world on the female spider. If anything untoward happens here, remember that!

JANET. What's going to happen, Mr. Dodder?

PETER (*pacing up and down*). That's my affair. At least, it has been thrust on me and made my affair.

JANET. Your affair with a young woman?

PETER. Certainly not! (*Again he pores over the cablegram.*) Who is the gentleman who came from off the steamer?

JANET. Mr. Greame. He was here two years ago, you remember.

PETER. Him! Is Mr. Greame the kind of man young women take a fancy to?

JANET. Yes.

PETER. On short acquaintance?

JANET. Yes.

PETER. Why?

JANET. He's always so sympathetic.

PETER. Shocking! What does he want to be that for?

JANET (*with a shrug*). Oh, I suppose Heaven meant him to make trouble. (*She points to another part of the garden.*) There he is!

PETER (*through his second pair of spectacles*). I can't see at such a distance.

JANET. Not with either pair of spectacles? You miss something. He's writing her name in the sand.

PETER (*jumping up*). Hah! Whose name?

JANET. I don't know. He keeps writing her name.

PETER. Go and see whose name it is.

JANET. No. He'd only kick it out. Then he'd turn to me just as if it had been my name he was writing. But it isn't.

PETER. How do you know?

JANET. Oh, I have my way of knowing. It's a queer world.

PETER. Not for a student of the female spider. For me there is no mystery about any woman—except why she was ever created. I am going to indulge in a prophecy. There will appear here, sooner or later, a certain young woman who desires to avoid pursuit. At her first difficulty she will appeal to you, as the only other woman on the premises, to help her to evade pursuit. When that happens, remember this: no woman has ever made a fool of me!

JANET. But I never thought a woman had, Mr. Dodder.

(*Enter ALAN GREAME.*)

It's too well done for a woman's work.

(*Exit.*)

PETER. Eh? What! What!

(*ALAN GREAME is 30, a fine English type, with a quizzical humour. He laughs.*)

GREAME. I heard that last passage, Mr. Dodder. How do you do!

PETER (*deprecatingly*). How do you do, young man. On which of those two steamers did you arrive?

GREAME. On the one from San Francisco. Things

have gone smash with me since I saw you last. In fact, I seriously thought of travelling second-class. But, thank Heaven, I didn't.

PETER (*narrowly*). And in the course of events you met a young and well-dressed solitary woman?

GREAME. She wasn't solitary after I met her. Such an exquisite young widow!

PETER. Widow! H'm! With a certain air of guileless innocence? A certain childlike self-possession? (*They sit at the larger table.*)

GREAME. All of that! All of that! And a full moon. And a warm soft breeze from the south. And music floating up from the promenade deck. After one leaves these beautiful islands one won't see visions like that again. Such is life.

PETER. With a blue ostrich feather in her hat——?

GREAME. Blue ostrich feather? No. But the sea was blue and her eyes were blue. We sat together every evening (*humorously*) mourning for her late husband.

PETER. H'm! "her late husband!" How do you know she had a late husband?

GREAME. Because she told me so. She was so wonderfully ingenuous!

PETER. H'm!

GREAME. And the very sweetest of tempers! Mr. Dodder, do you know what is the most perfect work of man? Of course you don't. The most perfect work of man is his young widow.

PETER. Tut-tut.

GREAME. No, no—our communion was utterly—childlike. It was as if the spirit of her late lamented husband kept hovering over us. He was *always* in our thoughts. We sat together, so to speak, in her husband's shade. It must have been a comfort to him to know that I was there, able and ready to do for her——

PETER. Everything he could have done for her himself.

GREAME. But it's all over, now. In a few days I shall have left these blessed isles. I shall have seen the last of her.

PETER. Then you'll have seen the best of her.

GREAME. How can you say so? She was so beautiful, so ingenuous, so responsive, so angelic!

PETER. Then it's time to become suspicious.

GREAME. Ah—but you haven't seen Mrs. Towne!

PETER (*glancing at the cablegram*). "Mrs. Towne?"
Who's Mrs. Towne?

GREAME. Mrs. Towne—the lovely young widow I've been talking about.

PETER. The widow—with the blue ostrich feather?

GREAME. Ostrich feather? I didn't see any ostrich feather. Women don't wear ostrich feathers at sea—it takes the curl out. But what the deuce have ostrich feathers to do with it?

PETER (*decidedly, folding up his cablegram*). The ostrich feather is in her trunk.

GREAME (*with some annoyance*). Then why not let it stay there? It isn't in *your* trunk?

PETER. It will be.

GREAME. What? Do you know Mrs. Towne?

PETER. Never saw her. I wonder you didn't bring your widow here——

GREAME. "Bring" her here? She's not a person one "brings" anywhere. If you ask me why I didn't recommend this hotel to her, it was because she travels in better style. She had a whole flat on the steamer. Few people travel better than Mrs. Towne. And there's another reason why I didn't suggest her coming here: her beauty is so noticeable that—one couldn't ignore the silly comment which would have followed our putting up at the same place. I recommended the big hotel at Honolulu for her.

PETER (*jumping up*). Hah! So she's at the big hotel in Honolulu! She has landed here to stay, with her blue ostrich feather. Porter!

GREAME. Blue ostrich feather——? Look here, Mr. Dodder; what is this about a blue ostrich feather? Confound it, what have you to do with Mrs. Towne?

(Enter the PORTER.)

PETER. That's a question I may be asking of you, sir. Porter—call me an "express"—a cab, to take me to Honolulu.

PORTER. Yes, sir.

(Exit.)

PETER (*taking up his hat*). That's what I have to do with Mrs. Towne, sir.

GREAME. Are you going to call on her? Do you know her?

PETER. I shall know her—the moment I see that blue ostrich feather. No woman has ever made a fool of *me*, sir.

GREAME. Then take my advice and don't call on Mrs. Towne.

PETER. No;—because there isn't any Mrs. Towne. And that is a fact which I shall convey to your "Mrs. Towne!"

(Exit.)

GREAME. He's quite addled. There *is* Mrs. Towne! There too jolly *well* is Mrs. Towne! (*He thinks a moment, then nods to himself with decision.*)

(Enter JANET.)

I say, Janet,—I've changed my mind about staying in Hawaii. I'm going back to the steamer. I'm going on to Japan.

JANET. O yes, I know what's the matter. On the steamer—you met a widow.

GREAME. You've been overhearing?

JANET. Didn't you overhear part of my talk with Mr. Dodder? You're in love, Mr. Greame.

GREAME. Not already? How can I be?—It's

only a week since I first saw her. Janet, is this fair? What have I done to make you think it has gone so far as that?

JANET. Oh, I know all the symptoms. I should have known you were in love, simply by instinct, I suppose.

GREAME. But, my dear child, it's impossible for me to fall in love! I haven't the money—not even for the preliminaries. I couldn't even pay for the flowers!

JANET. Oh, she'll take you. She's very well dressed. She'll have plenty of money. And she's in love with you already, whether she knows it or not.

GREAME. How do you know. You've never seen her.

JANET. But I've seen you. To-day I know you better than she does. To-morrow she'll know you better than I do. Well, whatever she does, she mustn't deceive you. Mr. Dodder has a cablegram about your widow. Mr. Dodder thinks things about her. Some one is pursuing her, from a long way off. She has some reason why she doesn't wish to be caught. I *hope* she's as fine as you say. But it's only fair that you should know this.

GREAME. I know you speak from the greatest good will, Janet. But Mr. Dodder is a suspicious old entomologist. What does an entomologist know about women? I had rather consult a weather prophet. Mr. Dodder is simply confusing Mrs. Towne's identity.

JANET. Then *if* she's as fine as you say——

GREAME. She *is* as fine as I say.

JANET. Then be good enough to marry her. Then I shall have you off my mind.

GREAME (*laughing*). Most sweet of you to put it that way. But I'm not in love with her. My head is perfectly clear. And I've a set purpose in life now, which mustn't be interfered with. I'm going to make my own living, Janet. I've qualified for the bar

since I saw you, I've bought a wig. I'm a barrister now; and I'm on my way to Mindanao, in the Philippines, to start a poultry farm.

JANET. But why Mindanao?

GREAME. Because I don't want any confounded lookers-on.

JANET. But what do you know about poultry farming?

GREAME (*humorously*). I know all the legal side of it. I expect the chickens to know the rest.

JANET. And where do you expect to sell your chickens?

GREAME. Oh—one doesn't sell them, until they're hatched, does one?

JANET. Most certainly one does! One oughtn't to hatch them until they are sold. Any woman will tell you that—any woman who was ever tempted to like you.

(He looks up at her; she alters.)

You wish your things put back in your trunks?

GREAME. Yes, please. (*He nods thoughtfully.*)
Yes, my stopping off at all has been quite preposterous.

(They shake hands.)

JANET. Can I get you anything to drink, sir?

(GREAME smiles and shakes his head. He paces pensively down R. She stops to see a CABMAN enter and deposit a steamer trunk. GREAME thoughtfully pokes the sand with his stick. JANET looks with sudden interest towards the entrance to the garden, at something she associates with GREAME.)

(Exit the CABMAN.)

JANET. She is as fine as you say.

(GREAME but half hears her.)

(She sighs.) Whoever she is!

(Exit JANET.)

(GREAME traces letters in the sand. Enter PAMELA BELTHORNE. She carries a parasol over her shoulder. She looks eagerly after JANET and mounts the trunk to get a better view. Then her glance of interest in a new scene sweeps around to discover GREAME, in his brown study. With much joy and mischievousness she drops her parasol to conceal her face. Then she softly gets down from the trunk and steals to see what letters he is writing.)

PAMELA (reading). " Pamela ! "

(PAMELA is about 19, extraordinarily unsophisticated and ingenuous. He wheels about and she hides herself behind her parasol.)

GREAME. Mrs. Towne. (He points to the sand.) You know I had just begun a letter to you !

PAMELA. But I don't see why you sent me to that other hotel ? It was so far away. It was so lonely. They all kept staring at me ; and I didn't know anybody !

(Enter the CABMAN with a second trunk:)

And two old women asked me where my mother was. I've come where you are !

(GREAME sees the blue ostrich feather in her hat and starts. She sees him staring blankly at it.)

What's the matter ? My hat—— ?

GREAME. Your blue ostrich feather !

PAMELA. But isn't it on straight ?

(He stares.)

Don't you like it ?

GREAME. Oh, I do, I do ! (He drinks in her beauty.) Since I saw you last it's been a frightfully dull two hours.

PAMELA. It's been awful !

(The CABMAN brings a third trunk.)

(GREAME and PAMELA smile to each other.)

GREAME. I suppose everybody's wearing blue ostrich feathers this season?

PAMELA. Oh, no! I don't suppose any one is but me. You see, blue ostriches are frightfully rare. The man told me so. I had such a lot to learn when I left the wilderness! Do you know, up to the time I left Wallalup—

GREAME (*nodding*). After your husband died.

PAMELA (*unmoved by any sad memory*). Yes, a few minutes after my husband died—

(GREAME *marvels.*)

—up to that time I had never had anything cheerful to wear? I used to be all in one piece—buttoned down the back. My aunt said that if a girl is always buttoned down the back she is safe after she has been sent to bed—because she can't run away until she's been buttoned in again. Oh, that reminds me! (*She indicates two loose hooks in the back of her bodice.*) Please!

(*He hooks them, looking at her ostrich feather, always fascinated.*)

I was in one piece, buttoned down the back, and I wore a black patent leather hat with pink rubber plums. Thank you. But when I went away— (*She discovers the bath house and hurries to open the door and look in.*) What's this?

GREAME (*preoccupied*). A bath-house.

PAMELA. What fun! (*She looks to her trunks, with a new idea.*)

GREAME (*pursuing his thought*). It was all rather sudden, wasn't it?

PAMELA (*preoccupied with her trunks*). My hat? I suppose it was what you might call "sudden."

GREAME. I didn't mean the hat. I meant the death of Mr. Towne.

PAMELA (*blankly*). Mr. Towne?

GREAME. Your husband.

PAMELA. Oh! (*Blankly.*) Yes.

(*He stares at her; enter the CABMAN with a fourth trunk. She takes her keys from her vanity bag and points to the fourth trunk.*)

Would you mind opening that one?

(GREAME takes the keys and unlocks it. Instead of opening it he stares at her.)

Nothing will jump out at you.

GREAME (*raising the lid*). But you know, whatever the custom is in the interior of Oregon—the custom in the rest of the world is to—to take a rather different view of the departure of one's husband.

PAMELA (*nodding politely*). Oh! I didn't know that. Thank you. You know (*she burrows into the trunk*.)—we can go fishing, and we can go bathing. And we can go both! (*She takes out brush, comb and bath towel and carries them into the bath-house.*)

GREAME. Your married life couldn't have been very long.

PAMELA (*absently, inside*). What? No.

GREAME. How long was it, may I ask?

PAMELA (*absently*). Just the ordinary length. (*She appears at the door.*) You'll find it in the corner, wrapped in something dark.

GREAME. Your married life is wrapped in something dark?

PAMELA (*laughing as she goes again to the trunk*). Oh, my married life! Oh, that lasted about five seconds.

(*He stares, astounded; she doesn't notice.*)

Will you hunt in that corner? (*She hunts busily.*)

(*He helps, preoccupied; brings forth a diminutive bundle.*)

GREAME (*suddenly*). Your married life lasted only five seconds——?

(*She steals a glance at him.*)

Only five seconds!

PAMELA (*after a moment, glibly*). You see—after we were married—my husband—(*confidentially*)—he attempted to kiss me. Then the chandelier fell down and killed him. (*She rummages in the trunk.*) I'm sure it's in this trunk!

GREAME. Fell down and killed him—on the spot?

PAMELA (*wide-eyed*). It struck him on the bald spot—and went through.

(*He stares ; she nods, then laughs, pointing to the small bundle in his hand.*)

That isn't my bathing-suit! Here!

(*Enter the CABMAN with two large hat-boxes. PAMELA delves in the trunk.*)

GREAME (*incredulously*). You buried your husband almost immediately after your wedding day?

PAMELA (*busily unrolling a bundle*). No, I didn't bury him. I got some one else to bury him. I took the train for California. I was busy! I was determined—not to be eternally in one piece and buttoned down the back! (*She shakes out a red and white bathing dress. The CABMAN enters with two suit-cases and a small steel cash-box, to which GREAME points.*)

GREAME. What's that, may I ask?

PAMELA. My money.

GREAME. I hope you don't carry much cash in that fashion—?

PAMELA. No. Only about fifteen thousand dollars.

GREAME (*after staring at her, amused*). From what you've told me about your living alone with your aunt all your life—(*He sits*)—I gather she was a—a cultivated person, yet rather eccentric—I suppose from the very loneliness of a place so remote as Wallulup.

PAMELA (*with a shrug*). Wallulup is seventeen miles from a railroad town; and that railroad town

is a hundred and fifty miles from anywhere. I should say my aunt was eccentric! She never let me see any one of my own age. She never allowed me any books, except school books; never a newspaper, or a magazine. I had a swimming pool, a dog, a horse; and a rifle—when she didn't know I had it. We had a cook-chambermaid—he was a Chinaman. And a Scotchman looked after the horses. Some of my evenings I used to spend in their cabin, and the Scotchman used to let me read parts of his Bible, while he and the Chinaman played poker. Everything else was woods, and mountains, and sky.

GREAME (*laughing*). But you grew up very strong and healthy.

PAMELA. I grew up horrible, inside. My aunt was always seeing and talking with spirits. I hate spirits. And besides, my aunt was such a fearful liar—much worse than I am. When I was eighteen I never received the least enlightenment from her about my being of age and having plenty of money of my own. If I had known, when I was eighteen, that I was my own mistress—that I might go wherever it pleased me—(*with feeling*) if I had known that, then—(*she smiles*) then perhaps I never should have met you! (*Deeply, touching his arm.*) That would have been a very great misfortune.

GREAME (*with a smile, and a sigh, drinking her in*). You know, I have no income; and I shall make an awful mess of earning my own living; and I—I—— (*He shrugs, to convey the rest of his meaning: that he is in no position to marry.*)

PAMELA (*earnestly, ignoring what he says*). You know, I never had any one to play with! I'm so glad I never knew then how much I never had as a child. When I'm with you, I do know—life seems all music and flowers, and freedom—and youth, when I'm with you.

GREAME. Music, flowers and (*quizzically*)—real freedom——?

PAMELA (*jumping up*). Delicious freedom! (*Hold-
ing out the bathing dress*). Wouldn't my aunt choke
to see that!

GREAME (*paternally*). You know, I'm in some
danger of choking, too.

PAMELA. How do you mean?

GREAME (*with a twinkle*). I'm trying to swallow a
chandelier.

PAMELA. Chandelier?

GREAME. The chandelier that killed your hus-
band. You know, I *want* to get it down; but it's
just a little thick, if you don't mind.

PAMELA (*after a moment*). No, I don't mind—so
long as you do get it down.

GREAME. How old was he—when you married
him?

PAMELA (*indifferently, trying to fasten the trunk*). I
don't know.

GREAME. You don't know how old your husband
was when you married him?

PAMELA. No! I hadn't seen him for six years.
(*Pointing to the trunk*.) Will you please——?

GREAME. You hadn't set eyes on him for six years,
before the day you became his wife?

PAMELA. How could I? He lived in New York
three thousand miles away. He had never been
to Wallalup but once before.

(*He locks the trunk.*)

Do you see my idea? If I get tired of fishing out
there, I shall jump overboard. Thanks! It's so
agreeable to have you do for me all these things
I could just as well do for myself. (*She comes
close to him, fondly, innocent and unabashed.*) You've
such a charming nature!

(*He shakes his head chidingly: she is disturbed.*)

What's the matter?

GREAME. Do you think that what you've said

about not having seen your husband for six years before you married him is going to ease that chandelier?

PAMELA (*frowning*). But what I said about not having seen him is true. It really is!

(*She is disturbed, at his amused incredulousness.*)

GREAME. Mrs. Towne, will you sit down?

(*She complies with some anxiety. He shakes his head at her.*)

In all the wildest fiction you have ever read——

PAMELA. Fiction——?

GREAME. Stories, novels—in the wildest——

PAMELA. But I don't know any fiction—unless the Bible——?

GREAME. You seem able to manufacture it! No chandelier ever fell down and killed a man because he tried to kiss his newly-married wife. Mrs. Towne, some one has just left here who has a cablegram from San Francisco about a young woman with a blue ostrich feather. And that some one says your name is *not* Mrs. Towne.

PAMELA (*thinking solely about him*). What's the matter? Don't you like me?

GREAME. The gentleman's name is Peter Dodder.

PAMELA (*she starts*). Peter Dodder? Who's he? I don't know any Peter Dodder.

GREAME. He is a man who says that no woman has ever made a fool of him.

(*She looks away from him.*)

Mrs. Towne, you are *not* Mrs. Towne.

(*She only stares at him, as if hurt.*)

Isn't that true? Aren't you going to answer?

PAMELA (*hurt, with raised eyebrows*). Not if you don't like me.

GREAME. It isn't fair to appeal to my silly emotions

when I am on the judgment seat. It looks as if you had committed a very considerable indiscretion.

(She turns away from him.)

Now please acknowledge the truth of what I am about to say—and save me from a nervous breakdown. You are not Mrs. Towne? You are *not* a widow! Isn't that true?

PAMELA *(after a moment)*. I suppose so.

GREAME. Good! You are not Mrs. Towne; you are not a married woman! No; you're a little girl—a mere child—and you've run away from your aunt. That's it, isn't it?

PAMELA *(hesitating, then looking up at him)*. Is that the way you'd like it to be?

GREAME. You mustn't ever tell me any fibs—not if you like me. But you are not a married woman! Isn't that the truth?

PAMELA *(after hesitation, unwillingly)*. No.

GREAME *(with disappointment)*. Oh—! Then you—you are a——

PAMELA *(with vexation)*. But I don't see what difference it makes! I *can't* see why you are having such a fit about it.

GREAME. Then—you did marry him?

PAMELA. Yes. But it's all over now.

GREAME. "All over now!" Isn't your husband alive?

PAMELA. I suppose so. But he isn't here!

GREAME. Alive, then! And isn't he pursuing you; hasn't he been cabling about you, this very day; isn't the whole thing most appalling; and yet you call it all over?

PAMELA. But it isn't him I'm worrying about. It's the way *you* take on about it. I didn't want to be with him. I went the Christian Science way about it. You simply say "There is no husband; there never was any husband." You ignore it; and presently **you** forget it. And I *have* forgotten it;

and I am happy. And I want to go fishing—*now*—with *you*!

GREAME (*chiding her*). Isn't this preposterous! Isn't this unbelievable!

PAMELA (*annoyed*). Oh dear.

GREAME (*he brings a chair and sits*). Mrs. Towne.

PAMELA (*vexatiously*). Oh, my name isn't Mrs. Towne!

GREAME. I know it isn't, but it's Mrs. Something else; and you are not merely a little girl! Now come, tell me truly: did it last only five seconds after the ceremony?

PAMELA. Yes. Then I ran away.

GREAME. But tell me—how—how in a matter which was bound to affect your whole life—

PAMELA (*impatiently*). It has affected my life most pleasantly. If I hadn't married him I shouldn't have met you.

GREAME. Oh, what a child you are! Why didn't you deliberate? Why didn't you think what you were doing?

PAMELA. I did think what I was doing—I was getting away from Wallalup, getting away from my aunt—to whom I had been chained for six years. When he gave me the chance to get away, I didn't need to deliberate. It was he who had brought me out to her, after my father died. He left me with her, and from that time on, my only light from the outside world was through his letters. It was suffocating me, it was killing me, to live with her. Then John Calvin put *his* finger into it.

GREAME. John Calvin—?

PAMELA. "The late eminent divine," she called him. He appeared to my aunt in the spirit form, and commanded her to marry me to some one. So she went at it,—by letter.

GREAME. Your future husband didn't even write direct to you?

PAMELA. Not about that—not until after he had

arranged it with her and she had arranged it with me. The day when I came downstairs and found a clergyman talking to him in the drawing-room, that was the first time I had seen him for six years.

GREAME. But you didn't love the man!

PAMELA (*impatiently*). No one but the clergyman said anything about loving! Then he said we were man and wife.

GREAME. And then your husband——?

PAMELA (*disliking the word*). Then my "husband"—as you call him, turned and gave me a cheque-book. He said I was a rich woman in my own right, and that I was to spend my own money, not his. (*Thoughtfully*.) And then——

GREAME. And then——?

PAMELA (*unwillingly*). Then—the chandelier didn't fall down—but he did try to kiss me. I pushed him away—I didn't like that:—something in my heart went against that, as if I had rather die! I ran upstairs. In a few minutes he burst into my room. (*She rises*.) He—he did kiss me. I shall hate him as long as I live! I ran and dropped out of a window. I took my horse out of the stable. I rode fifty miles that day. If he had caught me up I would have killed him with the butt of my riding-whip. But he wasn't the rider to catch me up:—I was free! Then (*she smiles*) I had a most agreeable time—shedding all those buttons from my back, and all those pink rubber plums. And then came the best thing of all—I met you!

GREAME (*gravely*). And I met you.

PAMELA (*brightly*). And now, I want to go fishing.

GREAME (*with a grave smile*). And we shall never go fishing. (*She demurs*.) Never.

PAMELA. Why not?

GREAME (*with a wave*). You are this man's wife; you are chained to him, by the law, by everything—until one of you dies.

PAMELA. I'm not. I belong to myself.

GREAME. You belong to him.

PAMELA. I don't! I won't! I'm Pamela; I'm Miss Belthorne. I shall never be anything but Pamela Belthorne! And I'm not going to sit here and mope, with the sun shining and the sea glistening and the birds singing—and my lovely new bathing dress. I think you have a tendency to melancholy!

GREAME (*with pity for her*). Who wouldn't have!

PAMELA. Then let's go fishing. If you hooked a nice fish, you'd feel better!

GREAME (*wisely*). Not if I found it belonged to some one else—whom I couldn't help detesting!

(*She sits on the table.*)

My dear, beautiful child, may I tell you why we two may never go fishing together?

PAMELA. If you say it so sweetly as that, you may. Then we'll go.

GREAME. You don't seem to realize that it comes to this one most vital point:—your reputation.

PAMELA. My reputation? Reputation for what?

GREAME. Why, your—your—*reputation*. When a young woman leaves her husband in this informal manner, and evades his pursuit of her and penetrates to a foreign land, the very first question asked by the world is:—"Who is the other man?"

PAMELA. Other man? Peter Dodder——?

(*He laughs at her.*) John Calvin? Then who is the other man?

GREAME. Just consider:—You run away from your husband, in circumstances which, if I hadn't spent some time in America, I shouldn't believe. A few weeks afterwards you and I arrive at Honolulu on the same steamer, after having been most obviously together and most patently pleased with each other for seven days. Now——

PAMELA. Wasn't it a joyous seven days! In all my life I never knew a week to vanish so quickly! And yet it's as if I had known you for months and

months. I never met any one I *liked* so much! You *know* such a lot! Your tastes are so fine! You *are* such a revelation of what a man can be!

GREAME. Then perhaps you'll allow me to say that, immediately you and I go out in a canoe, even with a fisherman, Mr. Peter Dodder will stand on the shore with a spy-glass, a magnifying glass and two pairs of spectacles, and he will say, "*That is the other man!*"

PAMELA. You mean the fisherman? But we won't take any fisherman!

GREAME. I don't mean the fisherman. I mean: Mr. Dodder will say that I am the other man.

PAMELA. Oh! But—but—you *are* another man, aren't you?

GREAME. I said *the* other man.

PAMELA. Then goodness, *the* other man! If you are not *an* other man, and not *the* other man, it seems to indicate your not being a man at all.

GREAME (*with a grave smile*). That's precisely what I'm *trying* not to be. But I'm afraid you're the last person to help me in that direction. (*He begins again.*) Don't you see——

PAMELA (*giving him a push with her parasol*). No, I don't see—anything. It sounds more like grammar than like common sense. How are you going to raise chickens, if you talk to them like that? You are a man and you are *the* man—the man I want to go fishing with. With that nice little curl! (*She points to his forehead.*)

GREAME (*shaking his head*). You talked about this curl on the steamer:—lots of people overheard you. I shall have to cut it off, now.

PAMELA. Oh, will you give it to me? His wedding present to me was a locket and chain. If you'll give me your curl, I'll wear it in the locket

GREAME. No: I shall do nothing of the kind.

(*Her face falls: she moves away from him.*)

I am determined to make you see how your invitation to me to go out there in an open boat, while Peter Dodder is searching Honolulu for you, is an invitation to me to help you damage your reputation.

PAMELA. Tell me when we've had our fishing. Peter Dodder will be here again, if we don't hurry.

GREAME. He will, and I am going to tell you now.

(She steps on to one of the trunks.)

When you marry one man—when deliberately you appear with him and solemnly you subscribe with him to those binding covenants recited by the clergyman out of his holy book——

PAMELA *(with a laugh, as she climbs upon a higher trunk)*. How well you imitate him!

GREAME. Then you promise things which people do not promise unless they intend to perform them.

(She balances on the top of the luggage pile.)

And when you refuse ; when you depart to the company of another man——

PAMELA. The other man!

GREAME. Or even seem about to do so—then *(he thumps the table)* that is what, upon the instant, you lose for ever.

PAMELA. Oh! *(She tries to seem intelligent.)* Now—now—what is it you say I lose?

GREAME. Your reputation!

PAMELA *(wide-eyed)*. Why?

GREAME *(with a helpless laugh)*. Good heaven—! Good——

PAMELA *(after a moment, earnestly)*. What did you say I promised to perform?

(He stares at her quizzically, appreciating the humour of a situation where he pities her unsophistication.)

I didn't listen ; the clergyman had a woolly mole on his nose. What did I promise?

(He only shakes his head.)

You must know, or you wouldn't have made that lovely long speech about it. I can't stand curiosity. Tell me what I promised to do for the clergyman!

GREAME (*throwing up his hands*). "Do for the clergyman!" I'm talking to you about your husband, your marriage vow, and your fatuous attempt to ignore them. You are like an infant in its perambulator—it would throw away its ear, its nose, if it could get them off, precisely as you are now preparing to throw away—that which you can't possibly do without!

PAMELA. Oh! And please—just *what* is it I can't possibly do without?

GREAME. I say; your reputation!

PAMELA (*blankly*). My reputation——?

GREAME (*banging the table*). Yes, your reputation.

(*She looks at him a moment, then suddenly she jumps down off the trunks and hurries to him.*)

PAMELA (*likewise banging the table*). Then for goodness sake, what is my reputation!!

GREAME (*he draws a breath; leans over to her with helpless irony*). I don't know!

PAMELA (*with relief*). Then let's go fishing. I'm not a bit angry with you. (*She rings a bell on the table.*) That's for some one to fetch your bathing-suit.

GREAME (*with regretful finality*). My friend, from the top of heaven to the bottom of the sea, there is no place for you and me together.

(*Enter JANET. PAMELA is about to give an order. But he firmly anticipates her.*)

I rang for tea, for two, please.

JANET. Yes, sir.

(*Exit.*)

PAMELA (*angrily*). Look here; don't you want to go fishing with me?

GREAME (*with manly protestation*). Jumping Jupi-

ter, don't you suppose that selfishly—selfishly—I do want to go with you?

PAMELA (*pleadingly*). Come here. Please come here?

(*He won't. She goes to him.*)

I'm extremely wise :—it comes from being so much alone in the wilderness. Now, there is only one way for two people to get along together ; that is for one to be selfish and the other to be generous. I've been selfish all my life, until I met you. Let me be the generous one, now. (*Her head is tilted up to him.*) Please !

GREAME (*tempted to kiss her*). No ! (*always amused and intrigued.*) You can't be generous. Don't you know that?

PAMELA. But I *am* generous ! And you are selfish, and you are determined to go fishing with me. (*Touches him.*)

GREAME (*firmly*). No. (*He moves away.*) No. When Mr. Peter Dodder returns here I shall tell him everything.

PAMELA (*calmly, picking up her bathing-dress*). You don't know anything to tell him, except that my name is not Mrs. Towne.

GREAME. I shall tell him that it is your duty to return to your husband—whom I intensely dislike.

PAMELA. Oh, I'm trying so hard to be angry with you—and I can't ! Perhaps you'll like me better in this. (*Shows her bathing dress.*)

GREAME. " Like you better "—— !

(*She is about to enter the bath-house, but she stops to look towards the entrance to the garden.*)

This is not the time for you to think of the water—— !

PAMELA. Oh yes, it is. (*Pointing.*) I recognize that old gentleman ! That will be Peter ! And I don't like Peter !

(*She jumps inside and shuts the door.*)

GREAME (*to the door*). Mrs. Towne, I tell you it's useless! It is my duty to rescue you from your own preposterous—

PAMELA (*putting her head out of the door*). How do you know it's your duty?

GREAME. I recognize it as my duty because I don't want to do it. But I shall.

PAMELA (*beckoning*). Look here. (*She puts her head close to him.*) Don't you dare to do your duty!

(*She slams the door as GREAME moves away from the bath-house, and enter hurriedly PETER DODDER, mopping his brow.*)

PETER (*pointing to bath-house*). Young man—
young man— (*He gasps for breath.*)

GREAME (*against his will, about to "do his duty."*).
Mr. Dodder:— (*He hesitates.*)

(*PETER stops to polish his spectacles.*)

Mr. Dodder:—

PETER. Young man, I may be forced to carry two pairs of spectacles, but I can still detect the shape of a woman at a very considerable distance. I saw the young hussy rush into that bath-house.

GREAME (*annoyed*). "Hussy?"

PETER. The young vixen!

GREAME. "Vixen?"

PETER. Mr. Greame, the subject of my cablegram from San Francisco this morning is the young termagant behind that door.

GREAME. "Termagant!" Mr. Dodder, your language doesn't describe any one I know. It puts me off, sir.

PETER. What—you wish to make me think that door does not conceal your Mrs. Towne? (*Starts to lay hold of door; GREAME pulls him back.*) Are you going to try to shield her from me?

GREAME. Mr. Dodder. The lady is putting on

her bathing dress. How can I shield her from you, when she can't leave there without your intercepting her, whoever she is!

(Enter JANET with tea-tray.)

PETER. "Whoever she is——"

(He scans the tray.)

Haven't you ordered tea for two—"whoever she is?"

GREAME *(with a shrug, forgoing his purpose of informing DODDER about PAMELA)*. Of course, Mr. Dodder—remembering that you used always to take tea at this hour.

(The door of the bath-house opens and an arm, bare—beckons to JANET. DODDER observes JANET go to the door and hold a whispered conversation which seems to concern DODDER.)

Won't you sit down, sir? *(He places chair at table L. DODDER eyes him suspiciously; the bath-house door closes. JANET stands undecidedly with the tea-tray.)*

PETER. Some conspiracy has been set on foot.

(He sits, with a look at JANET, his back to the bath-house. GREAME sits opposite.)

JANET. I suppose I must do what I'm asked to do, Mr. Greame!

PETER. Eh? What's this?

GREAME *(puzzled)*. I can only suggest that you bring the tea.

PETER *(over his shoulder)*. Young woman, do as you are told.

JANET *(she shrugs)*. Very well, sir.

(The bath-house door opens, she jumps in and slams the door behind her. DODDER starts.)

PETER. Hah! I knew it! I knew it! But no two women are going to make a fool of me.

GREAME. But does your long solitary life among the insects quite qualify you for what you are undertaking?

PETER. Young man, I know every trick of the female spider. They are now occupied in dissimulating that ostrich feather.

GREAME. What shall you try to persuade her to do, Mr. Dodder?

PETER. To return to her husband, at once.

GREAME. But if she refuses?

PETER. She cannot leave this island unless she leaves within the hour. The next steamer that arrives will bring her husband. (*He puts his black-rimmed spectacles on the table.*)

GREAME. Her husband will come on the next steamer? (*With disdain.*) Why didn't he come on this steamer? (*With a sudden pleasant idea.*) Perhaps he's delicate, or in precarious health, with the prospect of an early—demise——?

PETER. No, sir.

GREAME. I suppose not! (*With sudden contempt.*) Then why the devil doesn't he keep pace with her? Is he too fat?

PETER. H'm—he's too mean to grow fat. Thin, pious, avaricious and uxorious. Married twice before. (*He puts on his gold-rimmed spectacles.*)

GREAME. Then for Heaven's sake what age is he?

PETER. That is not your affair. If you think you are going to figure in this, young man——

GREAME. I don't, sir.

(*The bath-house door swings slowly open. PAMELA dressed in JANET'S clothes, backs out of the house from behind the open door.*)

PETER (*his near sight not detecting the change*) Janet, I want you! (*He finds a pencil in his pocket and begins to write, with his nose close to his paper.*)

(*PAMELA turns to look at GREAME, holding the door.*)

GREAME (*for PAMELA'S benefit*). I do not expect to figure in this because I am going away. I am going for a while to a remote spot in the interior of Japan—a place no woman can penetrate to. I leave within a few minutes. After Japan, then the wilderness of Mindanao; and (*firmly*)—I shall never see Mrs. Towne again.

(PAMELA *angrily slams the door.*)

PETER (*turning to her*). Janet I say! Janet, go about your business and get me some milk and soda. And remember that I shall keep a note of everything. (*He writes.*)

(*Enter the PORTER, a Kanaka of 40, who stops and stares at her in amazement. She asks him a question. He points to the hotel. Exit PAMELA, followed by the PORTER, laughing. DODDER finishes his writing; goes to bath-house door and knocks.*)

PETER. Young woman, I shall not leave this vicinity until you come forth. If you are counting on Mr. Greame to accompany you in your travels, he will inform you to the contrary. (*To GREAME.*) I trust you are prepared to do so?

GREAME. I trust you are prepared to withdraw the epithets which you applied to her?

PETER. No, sir, I am not. (*He sits at the table.*)

(*Enter PAMELA with soda and syphon on tray, as GREAME goes and speaks to bath-house.*)

GREAME (*to the bath-house*). Mrs. Towne, I am leaving for Japan. I bid you good-bye, and I am very glad to have met you. (*Turns to her.*) Good-bye! (*She eyes him angrily; he returns and sits.*)

PETER. Good! You are really leaving for Japan, then?

GREAME. Yes. (*Looks at his watch.*) In five minutes.

(PAMELA *angrily slams the tablecloth on to the table;*

she meets the PORTER entering, and drags him off with her.)

PETER. Then I will ask you to read the cablegram which I received this morning and which is the cause of my annoyance. (*He hunts in his pocket, fetching out his black-rimmed spectacles, which he lays on table.*)

(*Enter the PORTER L. with paste and large labels: "YOKOHAMA." He pastes these on PAMELA'S trunks, as she returns, always angry at GREAME.*)

GREAME. Mr. Dodder, how far can you see with your reading spectacles on?

PETER (*his hand three inches from his face*). At this distance, perfectly.

GREAME (*indicating the black-rimmed spectacles*). And how far can you recognize faces with these on?

PETER. At fully thirty feet. (*Has an idea.*) Hah! (*He finds the cablegram in the lining of his hat.*)

(*PAMELA steals the black-rimmed spectacles, and she hurries behind DODDER and conceals them in her dress as DODDER unfolds the cablegram, and she reads it over his shoulder.*)

"Obstinate, headstrong and entirely unsophisticated"

PAMELA (*behind him*). Oh!

PETER. Janet! Bring me half a glass of milk and fill the rest with soda. (*Hands cablegram to GREAME.*) That describes her.

(*She brings a glass and a syphon; with malice aforethought, she discharges the syphon into the glass DODDER holds, so that it splashes milk in his face.*)

Abomination! Why don't you be more careful?

(*He takes off his gold-rimmed spectacles to dry his face, and he no sooner lays them down than she steals them and conceals them in her dress. The PORTER begins to take away her luggage.*)

Now, sir, what do you think of that? (*He begins to grope on the table for his spectacles.*)

GREAME (*referring to the cablegram*). John Dodder is your brother?

PETER (*as PAMELA gets the tea-tray from the other table*). John Dodder is my brother and the creature in the bath-house with the blue ostrich feather is his runaway wife. There is but one course she can properly take, Mr. Greame.

GREAME (*nodding, as PAMELA stands between them, and he firmly meets her eye*). That is true, Mr. Dodder. She must, on some sort of terms, immediately return to her husband.

(*PAMELA angrily bangs the tray and contents on the table and flounces up to her luggage, while—*)

PETER (*testily*). Abomination—what's the matter with the girl? Where are my spectacles? (*He hunts in pocket.*)

Both pairs of my spectacles!

GREAME (*for PAMELA'S benefit*). Not to return to her husband would be madness!

PETER (*suddenly suspicious*). Young woman, this is a conspiracy.

(*She turns her back on him.*)

You are in league with that hussy in the bath-house. Give me my spectacles. (*He rises and follows her; she retreats, as he stumbles over the chairs and remains of the luggage.*) So you evade me. You did steal my spectacles!—so that I might not remember her face if she managed to slip me by. (*He rushes to the bath-house, of which the key is outside.*) We shall see to that! (*He locks the bath-house and takes key.*) I've locked her in. I shall report you to your father, miss.

(*Exit.*)

(*GREAME and PAMELA rush together.*)

PAMELA (*wretchedly*). Oh, I thought you liked me, and you want me to go back to *him*! It's the most dreadful thing that has ever happened in the world!

GREAME. But, my dear friend, you don't know what you are saying.

PAMELA. What have I done, that you should hate me so!

GREAME. How can you say I hate you?

PAMELA. I was going on with you to Mindanao. I was going to help you take care of the chickens!

GREAME. Why hasn't any one ever taught you how impossible that would be! It's madness to think you could do that. Do you think you could be happy, with the whole world barking at your heels?

PAMELA (*stamping*). It is you who are mad, not I! We have been happy! We *shall* be happy! Where do you plan to go, in Japan?

GREAME (*hesitating*). Why? Why do you ask that?

PAMELA. I want to know. (*Pleading*.) You must tell me.

GREAME (*after a moment firmly*). No, that's what I mustn't. I won't tell you where I'm going, Pamela.

(*He sits against the table L.*)

PAMELA. You shall not go to Japan on my steamer! I have hired all the cabs, and you *can't* catch the steamer, unless I say so. (*With sudden tenderness, close to him.*) And I *do* say so! Oh, won't you come with me? Weren't we happy together?

GREAME (*with suppressed feeling*). We were too happy together. For your own sake, Pamela, my name must never be associated with yours again.

PAMELA (*offering both her hands*). You won't even say good-bye to me?

GREAME (*with a glance towards the hotel, embarrassed by her warmth*). I don't dare to. You must go back to your husband. If you sail to Japan, instead of

sailing home, then Mr. Dodder will find it out. He will pursue you; your husband and the whole world will pursue you; and there will be no one to protect you—no one but your husband.

PAMELA (*softly, wretchedly*). Not even you——?

GREAME. Oh, my child, I haven't the right—I haven't the money—and I haven't the cowardice! Go. Go back to your husband—take the steamer to San Francisco.

PAMELA. Not though I die for it! Oh, you are the only one I have ever liked in my life. And I can't understand you—I can't understand you! I *will* find out where you are going in Japan! I'll go there, too! I'll make you like me!

GREAME. No. I shall not let that happen. That would be too unwise.

PAMELA. It won't be unwise! There's nothing wiser in the world than liking people. There's nothing *in* the world but that! I *will* find you!

GREAME. No. You mustn't find me. I shall see that you never do that.

PAMELA (*stamping her foot, blazing*). I *will* find you!

(GREAME sits, with a look of more embarrassment than amusement.)

(*Impetuously she comes to where he sits, puts her hand on his shoulders.*) Oh, you dear, wonderful thing—life is all music, flowers, freedom, youth—when I'm with you. (*Tearfully moving away.*) You shall like me! (*Angrily, erect.*) Whether you wish it or not!

(Exit R.)

GREAME (*with a sigh, nodding to himself*). Very likely—very likely:—(*nods again.*)—"whether I wish it or not"—!

ACT II

The grounds of an Inn at "Tsuboyama," Japan, four weeks later. It is late afternoon.

PAMELA *is sitting expectantly on a garden settee, her thoughts in the distance. A metal whistle is in her fingers. UME is arranging the dinner table. PAMELA heaves a huge sigh.*

PAMELA. Ume San!

UME. Heh! (*She smiles and comes to PAMELA.*)

PAMELA. Don't you understand any English, whatever?

UME (*smiling affirmatively*). Heh!

PAMELA (*shrewdly*). Is it raining, or is it snowing?

UME (*always smiling*). Heh!

PAMELA. Or do you fry them in butter?

UME. Heh!

(*Enter HARANOBU.*)

PAMELA. How well you understand! I have arranged with Mr. Haranobu—

(*He bows and puts a menu on the table.*)

—that whenever I leave here, which I may very suddenly, I shall take you along with me.

(*He bows.*)

I think it would be so nice (*she picks up her Japanese doll*) to have some one more human (*she compares the doll*) to confide to. Some one like you, who couldn't understand a word I say, but who would be (*comparing the doll*) more sympathetic.

UME. Heh!

PAMELA. You know, I've been horribly lonely these four weeks! Won't you sit down?

(UME smiles, but is puzzled.)

Down? (PAMELA points.) Down!

(UME giggles and falls on her hands and knees, her head to the ground, sucking her breath; PAMELA smiles.)

You are so polite! (She notices UME's heels sticking out of her sandals). We can't be so polite in my country;—some one would tickle our feet.

UME. Heh!

(HARANOBU, who has been superintending the table, goes indoors; PAMELA raises UME to her knees and pulls her nearer.)

PAMELA (with circumspection). Mr. Greame will be here in a few minutes. I came here because I found out that he planned to come here. I hired the whole inn. No one may put up at this inn without my permission. He came to Japan from Honolulu, on the steamer next after mine. He hasn't the least idea that I am here!

UME. Heh!

PAMELA. But if I keep every one out of here, but him—then perhaps he'll stop fussing about what he calls my— (With sudden thought.) I wonder if you have a reputation?

UME. Heh!

PAMELA (vexatiously). Then what is it?

UME. Heh!

PAMELA. I don't believe you have any reputation whatever. If you had, you wouldn't look so happy. (Sighs.) You know, his name is Alan—Alan Greame. And he is so handsome! And he has *such* a sweet temper! He's so good! There isn't another man in the world like him! (She commands UME to confirm this.) Heh!

UME. Heh!

PAMELA (*in sudden angry reminiscence*). But when I think of how he treated me at Honolulu, I am angry enough with him to leave this place without stopping to look at him!—angry enough to do precisely what I should do if I looked around that corner and saw :—my “husband!” Ugh!

(*She rushes behind the settee, picks up a bronze gong and beats it violently, blowing her whistle. Instantly UME runs at top speed into the house. Commotion and Japanese voices are heard within. Then enter a second maid, bringing PAMELA'S steel cash-box. Enter HARANOBU, UME, and three coolies, in great haste, with various articles of PAMELA'S luggage.*)

PAMELA (*satisfied*). Stop!

(*HARANOBU utters a word in Japanese. They all look to PAMELA.*)

I am not going this time.

(*All bow.*)

But if I do wish to leave suddenly, I am very pleased to see how well you understand.

(*All bow.*)

Remember, when I beat this gong, every riksha in Tsuboyama becomes employed exclusively by me. All but three of them will start at once for the railroad station, empty. Two of the others will wait for my luggage which must be carried down to the side gate. Further orders by cable, from wherever I decide to go when I leave here. Thank you!

(*They all bow.*)

Mr. Haranobu :—

(*HARANOBU bows ; the others carry back the luggage.*)

Presently there will come the gentlemen for whom

I have ordered dinner. You *will* be sure not to refuse *him* a room, won't you?

(*He bows.*)

You mustn't charge him anything!

(*Enter UME with a telegram.*)

And you must give him everything he asks for.

(*He bows. UME hands the telegram to HARANOBU, which he reads. PAMELA sighs, sitting on the bench.*)

(*To UME.*) I think you had better light the lamp, now.

(*HARANOBU speaks to UME in Japanese.*)

UME. Heh!

(*It is now dusk. HARANOBU bows to PAMELA.*)

HARANOBU. Rady prease excuse. To have teregram come, from Utsonomiya. Engrish ranguage.

PAMELA. In English? For me?

HARANOBU. For humble innkeeper. (*Bows.*) To say: (*Reads.*) "Is foreign rady at your hote'—name Pamera—"

(*She rises.*)

Pamera Dodder."

(*She crosses fingers of both hands and shakes her head in denial.*)

To say: "Prease answer."

(*She repeats her denial.*)

To say: "Prease answer. John Dodder—Kadzu ra'way sutaishon."

PAMELA (*annoyed*). Kadzu? That's very near here!

HARANOBU. Rady not to know foreign rady name: (*Reads.*) "Pamera Dodder?"

(*She shakes her head.*)

Rady prease excuse.

(*He bows ; goes into the house.*)

(*UME lights the lamp over the table. PAMELA sighs and goes to look out on the road. Suddenly she runs down to UME.*)

PAMELA (*as UME is about to go in.*) Oh, I saw a man's hat ! I've seen his hat ! Oh, I feel as if I had swallowed it ! Stay here ! (*With a change of mind.*)—if you want to ! I said : “ if you want to ! ” (*She pushes UME along.*) But you don't want to ! It's Mr. Greame ! Oh—— !

(*UME goes in ; PAMELA adjusts herself in an attitude of studied ease, her back to where she expects GREAME. It is now nearly dark, save for the lamp over the table. Enter HARANOBU, followed by two coolies from the house. Enter a coolie, who carries a lantern ; then PETER DODDER, much fatigued. HARANOBU and the two coolies bow low.*) †

HARANOBU. Gentreman : good evening !

(*PAMELA catches her breath, in nervous expectancy of GREAME. DODDER regards them through a pair of opera-glasses. He sweeps about until he sees a woman. He takes the lantern and motions the others to withdraw. They all obey.*)

PETER (*raising his lantern over her head*). Hah !

PAMELA (*jumping up in dismay*). Oh—— !

(*She runs to the gong ; she is about to sound the alarm for a hurried departure ; but suddenly she stops, contemplating him.*)

PETER. Young woman, no wonder you are paralysed. I am Peter Dodder. You married my brother ; and it serves you right, and it serves him right, too :—John Dodder is not woman-proof. (*Sinks on bench.*) Young woman, you have had your usual effect on man :—you have made me very tired.

(*PAMELA studies him.*)

PEMELA (*thoughtfully*). Are you :—woman-proof ?

PETER (*surveying her through opera-glasses*). No woman has ever made a fool of *me*. I traced you here simply by finding out the itinerary of a certain Mr. Alan Greame, who is doubtless already on the premises. I should not have come to this barbarous country merely for the sake of my brother. But you stole my spectacles—both pairs of my spectacles! I left Honolulu too quickly to replace them; and in Japan I find it impossible to replace them. But now I have fixed your face in my memory. I request you to return my spectacles. My brother landed at Yokohama yesterday morning; he may be here at any moment! The end approaches.

PAMELA (*thoughtfully*). Oh. Now I begin to understand you! (*She points to the forest*). She must have stolen them before you had a chance to fix her face in your memory.

PETER. What? Who must have stolen them?

PAMELA (*innocently, pointing into the forest*). Why, Pamela must have stolen them.

PETER (*chiding*). Now, now—Mrs. Dodder! Mrs. Dodder—!

PAMELA (*coolly pointing to herself*). Mrs. Peach.

PETER. Mrs. Dodder—! Tut-tut!

PAMELA. Peach! Why haven't you arrived sooner? Don't you know it may be too late? (*She picks up the lantern.*)

PETER. Eh? What's this?

PAMELA (*vibrating*). Suppose she takes alarm before we capture her? Why do you stop to talk about your spectacles!

PETER (*taking up his opera-glasses*). Now, now, Mrs. Dodder—

PAMELA (*snatching the opera-glasses from him*). Peach!

(*He reaches for opera-glasses, and she pulls him by the wrist to his feet, dragging him with her.*)

Quick! Come with me!

PETER (*undecided and unwilling*). What's this? What's this? I'm too tired; I'm too——

PAMELA. Follow me! (*She gives him her whistle.*) Keep blowing your whistle and I shall know where you are! Follow me!

(*He tries to hold her back.*)

PETER (*as she drags him*). I decline! I suspect you! Give me back my glass; give me back my——

(*She stops, to point into the dark forest.*)

PAMELA. She shall disgorge your spectacles! Follow!

PETER. Not into that black wilderness with any woman!

(*She disappears into the forest.*)

Mrs. Dodder! Mrs. Peach!

PETER (*following her*). I say I shall stay where I am! I say I shall stay—not so fast! (*His voice begins to diminish.*) Mrs. Peach! Mrs. Peach, your light has gone out! Mrs. Peach—I'm going back! (*Whistle.*) I'm——(*Blows his whistle.*) Hello—! Hello! (*Whistle.*) Hello —!

(*The whistle continues to be faintly heard in the distance. The Second Maid brings a soup tureen to the table. UME enters and begins to light more lamps. Enter, carrying a suit-case, and in a bad humour, ALAN GREAME. Following him unhospitably, HARANOBU then comes in front of him.*)

HARANOBU (*shaking his head*). Gentreman prease excuse——

GREAME (*hungry and tired*). Go to the devil!

HANAROBU. Gentreman prease excuse—to stop in my hote' not possibu'.

GREAME (*dropping suit-case*). I'm hanged if I'll sleep out there in an aboriginal hut!

HARANOBU. Gentreman prease excuse——

GREAME. I tell you I cabled you, four weeks ago, from Honolulu! You cabled back that I could have the whole place to myself. Now you tell me to get out, because you've let your whole confounded premises to a woman!

(HARANOBU *tries to find words*; PAMELA *appears at back. Then hides behind a tree.*)

HARANOBU. Gentreman prease go away!

GREAME. I won't budge! (*He sits wearily on the settee.*)

(HARANOBU *hesitates*; then, with a purpose, goes into house.)

I wonder if there's a decent hotel in the world where a man can go, nowadays, and not find it turned upside down by some screeching American female!

PAMELA (*for his benefit, imitating a cuckoo*). Oo-oo!

(*She dodges back behind the tree*; UME giggles.)

GREAME (*over his shoulder*). Shut up! (*To UME.*)

I haven't eaten anything for nine hours.

(*She giggles.*)

Do you want me to eat you? No use to smile at me. (*With a shrug, thoughtfully.*) No use for any woman too, now.

PAMELA. Oo-oo!

GREAME (*exasperated, turning about*). Shut up! And I came here for solitude, before I go on to Mindanao, to become a "hen-merchant!" (*With a sigh.*) "Music, flowers, freedom—youth!"—(*with bathos*) and eggs!

PAMELA. Oo-oo!

GREAME (*starting up*). If that's a cuckoo, why don't you wring its damned neck!

(UME giggles.)

(*He calms himself and smiles.*) And then broil it

nicely on some toast, eh? (*He puts his weary feet on the settee.* PAMELA comes softly down and beckons UME to her; she gives GREAME'S suit-case to UME, who puts it under the table, as PAMELA steals down behind him. He sighs.) I could eat an ostrich—!

PAMELA (*demurely*). Dinner's ready!

GREAME (*bounding up*). Good Heaven—Mrs. Towne!

PAMELA (*instantly correcting him*). Peach! (*With a look about, whispering.*) Mrs. Peach.

GREAME. Good Heaven, Mrs. Towne-Peach—! What a coincidence! What a coincidence!

(*She nods.*)

It's unbelievable! I came from Honolulu on the same steamer with Mr. Peter Dodder. I thought he'd have found you by now. (*He hears PETER'S whistle and looks into the forest.*) Who was it came up the hill ahead of me in a ricksha?

(*Enter HARANOBU and two coolies, their eyes on GREAME.*)

PAMELA. Oh, that man's quite harmless.

GREAME (*as HARANOBU and coolies approach him, as if with hostile purpose.*) Harmless? Somebody came here and went on—into that wilderness. (*He is satisfied.*) What a marvellous coincidence this is!

(*HARANOBU sends UME in.*)

Coincidence! Who's going to believe it was a coincidence? No one! There isn't another soul in the inn. I can't stay here! (*He discovers the attitude of the Japanese.*) That is, I won't stay here unless there's a movement to eject me. Then I'll stay here for ever.

(*The Japanese start to close in on him.*)

PAMELA. Stop! Mr. Greame is all right. He's my guest, Mr. Haranobu!

HARANOBU. Oh! Ah! (*They all bow.*) Gentleman please excuse! Hah!

(*They smilingly withdraw. PAMELA has thrown a beautiful embroidered shawl over her shoulders; she parades up and down in it, for the effect on him.*)

PAMELA. Dinner's ready!

GREAME (*admiring her, with a sigh*). Dinner! I hope you will enjoy your dinner. How often I have thought of you these last four weeks! Twice, while I have been walking in the road, trying to bring back the sound of your voice, I've nearly been run over. And I—— (*Suddenly.*) No, I must go!

(*He turns to look for his suit-case; she takes up another shawl and parades; he cannot keep his eyes off her.*)

PAMELA. Dinner's ready.

GREAME. Dinner! There are only three words in the English language—"Woman"—"home"—and "dinner!" Woman, which means home. Home, which means woman. And dinner—which means dinner!

PAMELA. Dinner doesn't mean anything, unless there's a man to help eat it. You needn't stay for me: stay for dinner!

GREAME (*summoning strength of will*). No! I tried for seven days to persuade Peter Dodder that I knew nothing of your whereabouts.

PAMELA. You were so noble, not to tell *him*.

(*She points towards where PETER is.*)

GREAME (*blankly*). Him?

PAMELA (*quickly*). I mean (*she points in an opposite direction*) Peter Dodder, at Honolulu.

GREAME (*severely, as she sits on the bench*). I fully intended, when you ran into that bath-house—— (*He stops, with a smile which breaks into laughter, then ends in a sigh.*) I've spent the dullest four weeks of my life! I couldn't help being anxious about such an unsophisticated child as you are.

PAMELA. I'm not an unsophisticated child!

GREAME. What adventures did you have—on the steamer?

PAMELA. I met a Frenchman.

GREAME. You met a Frenchman? A Frenchman? What confounded reason did a Frenchman have for leaving Paris? (*He leans over the back of the settee to look into her eyes.*) What attitude did the miserable frog take to you?

PAMELA. An attitude like yours, now.

GREAME. Impertinent dog! What insidious advances did the creature make to you?

PAMELA. I don't know. We didn't speak each other's languages. We spent hours together. I pretended that he was you. (*Her head goes back to look up to him; she sighs and smiles.*) But he wasn't—!

GREAME (*he is tempted to kiss her, but he masters himself*). Where's my suit-case! (*He looks about for it.*)

(*She takes up a third silk shawl and parades.*)

PAMELA. Dinner's ready!

GREAME. Not for me! (*With a shrug, looking after her.*) Dinner will never be ready for me! (*She turns towards him, and with a sudden impulse he goes to meet her.*) Do you know what a prig is?

PAMELA. No.

GREAME. You never *will* know! I am walking on a tight-rope. If I fall on the one side, I am a prig; if I fall on the other, I'm a cad; and I can sniff that dinner like a beggar in the Strand!

PAMELA (*puzzled*). What's the matter? You are so complicated! (*Looks at the dinner table.*) When you see what you want, why don't you take it?

GREAME (*solemnly, more and more under the spell of her.*) Are you aware that only an enemy would tell me that?

PAMELA (*putting her hand on his arm*). Enemy?

(*Warmly.*) But I want to be the most gentle, patient, willing friend you ever had!

GREAME (*on the verge of taking her in his arms, he suddenly masters himself*). Then I walk my rope! (*He looks about for his suit-case.* PAMELA quietly seats herself at the table, where he pauses to watch her, while UME brings hot soup plates. Then he tries to summon will enough to steal away, abandoning his suit-case.)

PAMELA (*reading the menu*). "Cream tomato soup."

GREAME (*stopping with pangs*). Cream tomato soup! Pamela—and cream tomato soup—!

(*She lifts tureen cover and rattles it against tureen, listening for the effect on him.*)

Oh!

PAMELA. "With nice crunchy croutons!"

GREAME. With nice crunchy croutons—!

PAMELA. "Grilled mountain trout, with sauce—sauce—p-i-q-u——"

GREAME. Sauce piquante! Sauce piquante! I could get roaring drunk on sauce piquante! I—— (*Vexatiously.*) Who took my suit-case! Who ran off with my suit-case!

PAMELA (*humming happily*). It's here!

(*UME giggles, and he follows her look to under the table. He pulls away the chair opposite PAMELA, in order to draw out his suit-case; but she rises with a plate of soup and puts it in front of him, and pushes him down into the chair. He sniffs the soup and feebly surrenders. PAMELA resumes humming. He eats ravenously.*)

PAMELA (*after a few moments*). Every day we shall find something interesting to do in this place. Out in that forest there are hundreds of sacred monkeys.

(*DODDER'S whistle is heard in the distance.*)

Hundreds of sacred monkeys—!

(*The whistle is heard again, fainter.*)

GREAME. Curious bird. (UME, *in attendance, giggles.*)

PAMELA. And, three months from now, I've heard of such a warm spot in the Inland Sea!—where we can go fishing.

(GREAME *interrupts his eating.*)

GREAME. Do you dream that I shall stay here even long enough to finish this dinner? Please consider me here as the guest of your husband—only long enough to obtain sufficient provisions to carry me to the next port. Common humanity allows me that.

PAMELA (*invitingly*). But you will stay for the sweet—?

GREAME. "Stay for the sweet"! No, Mrs. Peach!

PAMELA (*referring to the menu*). You won't stay for a nice, white, fluffy thing with a peach in it?

GREAME (*shaking his head, despairing of her*). "Nice, white, fluffy thing!" You know, there are reasons why I hope you won't say things like that to a beastly Frenchman, Mrs. Peach!

PAMELA (*wide-eyed*). Why?

(UME *brings the fish course.*)

GREAME. I am a literal-minded Englishman, but there are some men who—

PAMELA (*puzzled*). Things like what—?

GREAME (*sits back. Helplessly*). I wonder what will happen to you—!

PAMELA. So long as you stay here, nothing *can* happen to me. Can it, Ume?

UME (*nodding*). Heh!

PAMELA. She says "yes." She means "no."

GREAME (*to PAMELA, with a glance to UME*). You

take about as much for granted about me as a woman can, don't you?

UME (*taking the question to herself*). Oh, no!

GREAME. She says "no." She means "yes."

PAMELA. I'm not so sure I take so much for granted. Sometimes I think you're a bit of a wet match.

GREAME (*with a breath*). "Bit of a wet match!"—"Bit of a wet match!"— (*His eyes falls on the Japanese doll, which UME has left near at hand.*)

PAMELA (*seeing the fish sauce*). Sauce piquante!

GREAME. "Sauce piquante"—I should say so! "Bit of a——" (*He picks up the doll and shows it to her.*) Mrs. Peach, we are *not* dining alone. (*He puts the doll on the table, facing them both.*) Please consider this as your maiden aunt. You must speak and act with all the restraint you would use if your maiden aunt were present.

PAMELA (*rises*). Very well! (*She covers the doll's head with a paper napkin.*) Dried up old party! (*She uncovers the doll to speak to it.*) You always told me that wine was nasty medicine. I'm going to see about that! (*She covers doll and pours herself a full tumbler of sherry from the decanter, starts to drink the sherry.*)

(*He seizes the decanter.*)

Oh!

(*He pours himself a glass and tastes it.*)

How nice!

GREAME (*warningly*). I say—this is sherry!

(*She drinks deeply.*)

This is sherry!

PAMELA (*to the doll, lifting the napkin*). Old tabby cat! (*She drinks on.*)

GREAME. Are you going to quench your thirst with sherry? I say, water is the thing for thirst!

(*She drinks on.*) I say, water—— (*He reaches for caraffe and offers it to her.*)

PAMELA. Thanks. This will do quite as well. (*She tosses off the last of it, and reaches for the decanter.*) I had a run in the woods, and I——

(*He and she lay hold of the decanter at the same time, and neither will let go. She is surprised. Her determination makes a deadlock, the decanter between them.*)

GREAME (*severely*). Do you know what this decanter contains?

PAMELA. I want it.

GREAME. This decanter contains :—Experience.

PAMELA. I want it!

GREAME. Then how much experience do you insist upon having?

PAMELA (*stoutly*). Just as much as I want!

GREAME. Then—(*He looks up to sky, relinquishing his hold.*)—Heaven itself can't stop her! (*He looks at her hopelessly.*)

PAMELA. You see, (*she pours herself another tumbler of sherry*)—when your decision is the same as mine, then it saves you the trouble of changing your decision.

GREAME (*in half-humorous despair, snatching the napkin off the doll*). Look here, (*to the doll*). Heaven has discovered that this child can learn nothing except by bitter experience.

PAMELA. But I love experience! (*She drinks.*)

GREAME. Very well. I tried to tell her a few things at Honolulu; but they didn't penetrate to her understanding.

(*She puts down her tumbler, with sigh of satisfaction.*)

Very well: better that she get her experience through me than through some accursed Frenchman! But I want to know what's to become of *me* in the process? What does Heaven think I *am*?

PAMELA. Oh, she doesn't know what you're talking about. (*To the doll.*) Old frowzle. Old third party! (*She covers the doll's head, and attacks her fish.*)

GREAME (*after gazing at her*). Haven't you the faintest idea of what I—what I tried to explain to you at Honolulu?

PAMELA (*comfortably smiles*). No; but it doesn't matter. (*She eats.*)

GREAME. "Doesn't matter!"—Oh, very well—(*ironically*) nothing matters. Put the gunpowder in the oven! (*He falls to.*)

PAMELA (*after a moment*). You see, whenever you say to me something I don't understand, I always say to myself: "Does it mean that he likes me; or does it mean that he doesn't like me?" And if I decide that it means that you do like me, then it doesn't *matter* what else it means. And if I decide that it means that you don't like me, then I don't want to *know* what else it means! And that's quite all that's necessary for *any* woman to know.

GREAME (*to the doll*). "Woman"—she thinks she's a woman! (*To PAMELA.*) It isn't a question of me: it is a question of some other man—some other man, in your future, at some time and place where I shall not be there to knock him down!

(UME brings the entrée.)

PAMELA (*calmly shaking her head*). I don't think you are very clever. *One-half* of everything you say is to show me why you ought always to be with me; and the other half is to show me why you ought to go away. You know, I have something to say to you that really *is* serious. Were you educated at Eton?

GREAME (*after some thought*). That is a matter of opinion.

PAMELA (*servng the entrée*). I asked the British Consul about poultry farming in Mindanao, and he

said you *must* have been educated at Eton. You couldn't make a living by raising chickens in Mindanao! A hen would know that! Wouldn't it, Ume?

UME. Heh!

(They eat in silence for a moment, PAMELA thoughtful.)

PAMELA. Why—*(embarrassed)* why couldn't you take a lot of my money and start in something big? We could be partners. Let's plan! We might go to Alaska; we might hunt for gold, just you and I together, camping in the wilderness!

(He looks at her with a mixture of emotions; then shakes his head.)

GREAME *(suddenly rising)*. I'm going to Mindanao to-night.

PAMELA *(wretchedly)*. Oh—! Have I offended you? *(She rises.)* Don't you like me?

GREAME *(he draws a deep breath)*. How can you ask me that!

(Angrily she goes and pushes him down into his chair, into which he sinks with diminishing resistance; she returns to her place, and on the way she collides rather awkwardly with her chair, which surprises her. She passes her hand over her brow, questioningly. She sits and again smooths her brow, silently watched by him. She looks to the wine and thoughtfully takes a sip of it. She smiles, rather foolishly. He puts the glass beyond her reach.)

GREAME *(gravely)*. Do you think that all the men you meet will be like me?

PAMELA *(with a mild hiccough)*. No.

GREAME. Some day—when you have forgotten me—

PAMELA *(smiling)*. Silly! I could draw your picture in the dark—with that little—*(She is inclined to giggle)*—that little curl on your forehead!

GREAME. What do you know about life? How can you prophesy what you'll do? Some day you'll meet some other man, when *I* have quite gone out of your ken; some other man for whom you will feel that you can't get on without him, and who *won't* be willing to get along without you. You will still be another man's wife.

(*She shows amusement.*)

But this man won't stop for that. This man will take you in his arms. This man will kiss you. I say: he will kiss you!

(*She laughs.*)

And when the chandelier falls down, it won't be on *him*.

PAMELA (*she laughs at him*). But he won't want to kiss me! Don't you know why?

GREAME. He will kiss you! (*She cannot stop laughing.*)

PAMELA. No, he won't kiss me! Simply because the kind of man *I* should like wouldn't be an *old* man!

GREAME (*aghast, to UME*). Do you get that? Because he wouldn't be an "old man!" *Young* men don't go in for that sort of thing! *That* is the conclusion of (*he points to the doll*) a maiden aunt of forty-four! (*He leans back helplessly.*)

(PAMELA *keeps on laughing, pointing at him. Her abandon increases. UME joins in. GREAME puts the decanter under the table, half smiling at her. PETER DODDER'S whistle is heard in the dim distance. It sets both women off in highest merriment. Again the whistle.*)

Curious bird—!

PAMELA (*with a burst*). Bird—! (*She tries for control*). I—I don't know why I'm so silly! I— (*Again the whistle; she breaks out again, but pulls herself up.*)—I'm sorry!

(*Her hand goes out unsteadily and knocks over the tumbler, in which some wine has been retained; she checks herself at once, ashamed and wondering.*

UME sees the wine stains and runs into the house.

PAMELA appeals to him contritely.) †

I—I'm dreadfully sorry. (*She leans her head on her hands, her voice diminishing.*) Dreadfully sorry about something—! (*She shuts her eyes.*)

GREAME. (*taking up the doll, ominously.*) Say good-bye to your aunt then.

PAMELA (*with a sigh, dreamily, not looking.*) Good-bye, aunt! I don't care if I never see you again!

(*She smiles upon him faintly as he hides the doll.*)

I don't care what happens—!

GREAME (*after a moment.*) You don't care what happens—?

PAMELA. No! One only floats in space. The whole world only floats in space. One never knows to where—why should one care? (*Distantly.*) Not when one is alone with you.

GREAME (*nodding.*) All alone in a wilderness, six thousand miles from anywhere. And this is only the eighth day we've spent together.

PAMELA. All alone with you! Music—flowers—freedom—youth! I was only sixteen when those words first floated into my head:—perhaps I shall never say anything wiser—? (*With a sigh, dropping one hand towards him on the table.*) How you float—!

GREAME (*softly.*) Wherever I float, wherever I drift, I shall never see any one so lovely as you, Pamela.

PAMELA. You—you like me?

GREAME. Yes. And you ask me to lead you into the world—out of your garden of illusionment—into the world.

PAMELA. Into the world, with you—?

GREAME. Into the world of experience. Experience is always dear—always dear. And the

memory—the memory of this night, Pamela, (*ominously*) so long as you live—

PAMELA (*dreamily smiling*). Always dear—the memory of this night—always dear! Go on—!

GREAME. This night, when I tried to say how beautiful you are.

PAMELA (*her head swimming*). Go on—!

GREAME. Such sweet symmetry in every line of you! Such warmth, such colour, such a meaning in your lips! There's nothing in spun gold like the gleam of your hair! Your eyes are like the deep blue sea beneath the glory of the dawn!

PAMELA. How sublime you are!

GREAME. And you've no more shame than a rosebud has! And you've all the splendour, all the wonder, all the mystery that the rosebud has. You are the argument unanswerable!

PAMELA. Go on! (*With increased breathing*.) Why—why do you seem so far—so far away from me—!

GREAME (*he rises*). What distance would not seem too far? (*Slowly he comes to her side of the table*.) “Music—flowers—freedom—youth!” You are one in all of these! (*His hand goes to the back of her chair*.) Oh, I wonder—(*He has a moment of doubt in himself*.)—I wonder how far we two shall float to-night—!

(*She rises, and he is close behind her. Her balance causes her to sway and put her hand to the table—then to sway back. It brings her against his bosom, his arm supporting, but not enclosing, her; for a moment they are still.*)

(*Warmly*.) How far we shall drift to-night—!

PAMELA (*with a great breath*). Oh, let it be to the farthest—farthest end of things—!

(*Her head goes back on his shoulder, her eyes close; his arms lightly enclose her, and he clasps her hands in his. Then her eyes close, and she half moans.*)

Oh, why don't you kiss me—kiss me—kiss me !

(*He quickly folds her close and kisses her. For a moment they are motionless. Then, with sudden realization, he exclaims.*)

GREAME. No ! (*He releases her.*) You're only a child—a child !

(*She sways against the table and sees him go to the opposite side of it.*)

PAMELA (*nonplussed*). Alan—? What is it ?

GREAME (*painfully*). It was the wine. Very likely it was *only* the wine. But it (*She stares.*)—was what I was trying to tell you, at Honolulu. And it was (*He takes a big breath.*)—it was more than Fate had a right to ask of me. You've had the experience, Pamela, for which some other man might have made you pay—too much.

PAMELA (*the shock not yet fully home*). Alan—? (*She takes a step towards him.*)

GREAME. You are only a child, and you are another man's wife :—the wife of a man I have never even seen. And I do not (*He suddenly realizes that he is about to tell a lie.*)—I do not love you. (*Desperately.*) I am going, now. I shall never see you again, I suppose—God help me ! (*He picks up hat.*)

PAMELA. Oh—! (*She sinks and bows her head on the table.*)

GREAME. Ah, I didn't want to be either a prig or a cad ; and now I feel I'm both ! But you must go back to your husband, Pamela. If you go the other way—

(*She looks up at him.*)

Ugh, what a prig I sound !

PAMELA (*coldly, tonelessly*). Yes.

GREAME (*wretchedly*). When you consider your position, your inexperience, you think that ?

PAMELA (*rising*). Yes. (*Her eyes go to the over-*

turned glass ; she picks it up). What do you drink :—milk and water—?

GREAME. Must you say that—?

PAMELA. On the ship it *wasn't* the wine that made me go up and speak to you first. It *wasn't* the wine that made me leave my big hotel at Honolulu, and made me hunt you up at your little one :—because I—(*Falters.*)—because I was lonely, for you. And here: I found out all your plans ; I hired this inn, to have you to myself and meet your notions of what you call my —reputation—! And just now :—*that wasn't* wine—! (*She chokes.*) It was—it was something that hurts me—down at the bottom of my heart—! (*She struggles with tears.*)

GREAME. Oh, if you but knew—!

(*She masters herself.*)

If you but knew—!

PAMELA (*flaming*). I do know! Everything, now—everything! Everything my mother knew! Everything that any woman ever knew! And I—(*She stops for control.*)

GREAME. And now you hate me?

PAMELA (*she blazes*). Hate? Anger—? Don't dare to think I'm angry with you. Give me something big enough, strong enough, alive enough to be angry with! (*She catches her breath! turns away.*) Oh, you've taken something from me—something I shall never, never have again! (*She sinks to chair, sobbing.*)

GREAME. Oh, Heaven, I can't stand that from you. Pamela—Pamela, will you go with me?

PAMELA (*at once to her feet*). Go with you! Go down alone to Mindanao, and breed chickens: your heart will be in that! (*Clasps hands.*) Mr. Haranobu! It wasn't for you to be the coward!

(*Enter HERANOBU.*)

GREAME. Oh, my child, if that's the making of a hero, you'll find the world is full of them. It wasn't for me to be the *cad*!

(DODDER'S *whistle is heard, near at hand.*)

PAMELA (*she runs and beats the gong.*) Mr. Haranobu ; I am going, now !

(HARANOBU *calls out, and there is the same commotion as before over the removal of her luggage.*)

PETER (*near at hand*). Mrs. Peach !

GREAME (*to PAMELA*). Mr. Dodder ! Your chance to turn back to your husband, Pamela !

PAMELA. You shall see how I turn back ! (*She indicates to HARANOBU the approaching PETER.*) Put that man in a ricksha, take him to the railway station. He shall find Pamela !

(*She starts to go, ignoring GREAME.*)

GREAME. Pamela ! Some day, somewhere, I shall see you again. Perhaps I shall be alive enough then. Perhaps strong enough, even big enough, for you to be angry with.

PAMELA (*with a shrug*). I have no doubt you'll be most charming, Mr. Greame—to your chickens. Sayonara.

(*She starts to go: again he intercepts her.*)

GREAME. Pamela— !

PAMELA. Oh, I tell you we shall never meet again ! (*She bows to the assembled Japanese.*) Sayonara !

(*Without a look at GREAME, PAMELA departs, followed by UME.*)

Sayonara !

THE JAPANESE. Sayonara !

(*All the Japanese follow to see her off. GREAME comes slowly down and looks at the deserted dinner table.*)

GREAME. (*Wretchedly*)—Sayonara— !

ACT III

PAMELA'S *House at Hong Kong, six weeks later.*

PAMELA and PETER DODDER are in evening dress.

PAMELA, *extremely bored, sits with a book in her lap, and a page of manuscript in her hand.* PETER, *now transformed, stands, holding other pages of his manuscript, languishing over the beauty of her hair. As she wearily reads, a carnation drops from her fingers. He gropes for it on his hands and knees, short-sightedly. He secures it as enter FAH-NI, with a tray of cooling drinks. Exit FAH-NI.* PETER has a moment of ecstatic contemplation of PAMELA, then awakes to hand her another page.

PAMELA. I've read that one.

PETER (*humbly*). My dear Mrs. Peach—I'm so sorry! (*He hands her another page.*)

PAMELA (*reads*).

“To think that I had waited fifty years to reach
This state of thralldom to a Mrs. Peach!
For what all other women failed to teach,
I've learned in six short weeks—from Mrs. Peach!”

(*He is faintly pleased; she shows only ennui; he offers her another page, which she ignores.*)

Let me see that letter from your brother.

(*He hands her the rest of the pages, and she lets them drop on the floor, as he fetches the letter.*)

How are you going to answer this?

PETER. If you really think the state of my health

is still too precarious for me to go to his hotel, I suppose I must write—?

PAMELA (*accustomed to command him*). Write.

(*He sits at desk.*)

“Dear John!”

(*He looks up inquiringly.*)

(*She, vexatiously.*) “Dear John!”

PETER (*writes*). “Dear John!”

PAMELA (*with acerbity*). “I don’t know where your silly wife is! Yours,—Peter.”

(*He turns to her.*)

PETER. But, Mrs. Peach;—ought I not to explain to my brother how it is that I am here, living in your house, when all the time he will have thought that I am in pursuit of Pamela?

PAMELA. Why should you be pursuing Pamela? If you run after other men’s wives the world will punish you dreadfully. I’ve been reading a book about that—I’ve been reading about everything, and now I realize what a foolish, ignorant creature Pamela was. If I had a husband and I liked some other man better: I—I should *want* the other man to *want* to run away with me, but I never should dream of letting him do so.

PETER. I assure you I have no personal interest in Pamela. No man who has the—the very great honour to be a guest in your house, Mrs. Peach, would ever give another thought to such a woman as Pamela. I consider her a doubtful character—a very doubtful character.

PAMELA. Thanks.

PETER. I undertook to find her, solely because of the scandal her behaviour fastens on our family name. And because I am convinced that at Honolulu it was she whom I took for the waitress, and who stole my spectacles.

PAMELA (*with a faint smile*). It seems so improbable that one woman should pretend to be another. It would be so difficult to keep up the illusion, with a man so clever as you. (*After a moment.*) Begin again; write fast! "Dear John!"

(*He writes.*)

"I am in the house which has been rented by Mrs. Peach—a lady whom I met in Japan, at Tsuboyama, where I went in pursuit of Pamela." Write! "When Pamela escaped from me, Mrs. Peach and I pursued her to Kyoto, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai, Amoy—and at last to Hong Kong, where I nearly died of exhaustion." Write! "I am now slowly convalescing, in her house; and in six months' time, I shall be able to go out of doors."

PETER. Six months' time? But, Mrs. Peach, I am feeling most robust. And surely, since my brother is arriving in Hong Kong at this very moment, I——?

PAMELA. No, you might catch the plague. The plague is very bad in Canton. It may be here at any moment. That's all. Sign.

PETER (*adds*). And "I suggest you come up this evening."

(*She strongly demurs to this, behind his back.*)

"Your affectionate brother——"

PAMELA. "Affectionate?" You've told me you abominate him.

PETER. But I—one generally signs "affectionate."

PAMELA (*calculating*). Fanny had better see that this letter goes at once. (*She claps her hands.*)

PETER. John will be angry because you told the bank not to give any one our address. And when John is angry——

(*Enter FAH-NI.*)

PAMELA. Fanny.

(*She views FAH-NI with surprise.*)

You've put on your new gown!

FAH-NI (*he smiles broadly*). Plenty swankee!

PAMELA. Turn around. Fanny, what have you done with your pigtail?

(*He takes off hat, and shows a shaven head without a pigtail.*)

FAH-NI. Piggletail good-bye!

PAMELA. Fanny!

PETER. You see, the pigtail was worn as a sign of loyalty to the Manchu Emperor. But the Emperor has been deposed. And now they are cutting off their pigtails in loyalty to the Republic.

PAMELA (*to FAH-NI*). But I liked your pigtail.

FAH-NI. Mebbe some day Empelor he come back. Empelor stay away; so fashion. (*He puts on his hat.*) Empelor he come back; so fashion. (*Takes off his hat, shakes out a false pigtail attached to the hat, and puts on the hat, laughing.*) Hoh—!

PAMELA. But I don't like you half so well with your hair up. Fanny:—(*She takes the letter from PETER.*)—one piecee letter go Hong Kong Hotel, chop-chop. Can do, chop-chop?

(*He produces a small brass tray from his cuff and takes letter from her.*)

FAH-NI. Can do.

(*She signals him to wait.*)

PAMELA (*with purpose, to PETER*). Oh, did I drop your beautiful verses on the floor?

(*PETER groops for them.*)

Fanny, if this letter isn't delivered at once (*Unseen by PETER, she snatches it from the tray.*)—I shall miss seeing Mr. Dodder's brother. Chop-chop, Fanny!

FAH-NI. Chop-chop!

(*Exit FAH-NI, bearing the tray high. PETER, on his*

knees, reads, while PAMELA secretly tears the letter to bits.)

PETER.

“ For never mortal man invented speech
That could describe the charm of Mrs. Peach !
Let no man dare against romance—and marriage—
preach.”

(She surveys him, overcome with ennui, which swells within her.)

“ Till he has been through both—with——”

PAMELA *(flinging the bits into the waste-paper basket)*. Oh, I wish you wouldn't spill your soup over your shirt-front every night !

(His discomfiture has no interest for her. She wearily paces to the drawn curtains, which close off the balcony. Dance music begins, as from a house across the road. She holds the curtain aside, affected by the music.)

PAMELA. There goes the music again !

(PETER takes up his verses, and coughs, to engage her attention ; but in vain.)

Oh, how it sets my heart afloat ! Music—flowers—freedom—youth—over there ! The flowers keep one from seeing in. It must be a dance ! *(She claps her hands.)* I have never been to a dance !

PETER. No. *(Not discerning how she yearns.)* Trivial form of amusement.

(Enter FAH-NI.)

PAMELA. Fanny, what is going on across the way ? How fashion do over there ?

FAH-NI. What for bobbeley ? Makee moosic ; makee danshee. One piecee leddy, one piecee man ; *(imitates)* make jumpee. Too muchee squeeze ;—no good !

PAMELA. No good ? My thinkee plenty good

makee jumpee! And I don't know how to makee jumpee—I never learned to dance!

PETER. Nor I. That's another bond of union, dear Mrs. Peach.

PAMELA. Thank you, Fanny.

(Exit FAH-NI L.)

I wonder what *he* would say, with all his beautiful upbringing—if he knew that I can't even dance!

PETER. Who?

(*She looks at him, then ironically points to the bronze Buddha.*)

PAMELA. St. Paul. Oh, I know I could dance! (*She sways to music; stops, scornful of him.*) Doesn't the music impel you to anything?

PETER (*with difficulty*). I—I—it impels me to say *something* which I—I——

(*She quickly sits on the steps with mischievous interest.*)

PAMELA. Go on!

PETER. Something which the affinity—the congeniality, which seems to have brought us two together—a—a—— (*At loss.*)

PAMELA. Go on. Blank verse will do.

PETER (*with a sudden stop*). I—I—should like first to consult my brother.

PAMELA. About what?

PETER. John—John is not a man whom I admire; but still, I must defer to the opinion of a man who has been married three times. (*She rises.*)

PAMELA. Three times? He has been married *twice* before—(*She shrugs bitterly.*) Three times! (*She looks again through the curtains.*) How can they be so gay over there! How can any one be gay in a world like this? Three times! (*She rises.*)

PETER (*again taking courage*). And yet—perhaps owing to the—the toxic effect of the music—I am—almost seized with—a perhaps reckless—a—a——

PAMELA (*with scorn, turning away from him*). Oh, don't be so spontaneous! (*He is floored.*)

(*Enter UME. As she is about to speak to UME an electric bell is heard.*)

Listen! That's the main door! No one has ever come to the main door since I've had the house! Do you think that is your brother?

PETER (*with a sigh*). I hope so.

PAMELA (*in fear*). Ume——

(*She rushes to the small door, as enter FAH-NI bearing a card.*)

Who is it?

FAH-NI. One piecee man. (*He gives the card to PETER.*)

PAMELA. Your brother?

PETER. No. Only a man I knew at Honolulu. I—I should like to consult *him*.

PAMELA. I should think you would! (*Wearily.*) You may bring him here.

(*Exeunt FAN-HI and PETER.*)

Ume, if you don't learn English soon, I shall go out of my head in this prison!

UME. What to mean those word "O, my rolove—O, my rolove?" What to mean?

PAMELA. To mean:—something I want, with all my soul. Something I may never, never have! I'm not happy, Ume! (*She listens.*) Quick!

(*The two escape by the small door, as enter PETER and ALAN GREAME, both melancholy.*)

PETER. Won't you sit down?

GREAME. I caught sight of your face at the window, yesterday. I'm a guest at the ball to-night, across the way.

PETER. Melancholy sounds!

GREAME. I suppose Lady Murgroyd thinks so.

Her husband and myself are sailing at midnight for Vladivostock, to join his expedition to the Arctic Zone.

PETER. To the North Pole?

GREAME. No. To the unexplored regions of the Arctic Sea.

PETER. H'm! Arctic Sea.

GREAME. I shall be gone three years—quite beyond communication with the civilized world. I thought you might have some news of what became of Pamela—Mrs. Dodder.

PETER. No. No; I've abandoned all thought of her.

GREAME. She came to Hong Kong, I'm told. I should like to know how she fared—before I go away for so long.

PETER (*absently*). Yes. You—you are not coming back for three years? Look here:—do sit down. (*They sit.*) While I was in Japan, at a place called Tsuboyama—indeed, a place where I had thought you were going—(*confidentially* I met a window.

(GREAME *smiles.*)

A *real* widow.

GREAME. What did the widow do with you, Mr. Dodder?

PETER (*bearing his suffering heart*). She has turned me upside down! I am transformed; I am her slave, her dog, her doormat! And I—I——

(*He points to the small door.* GREAME *starts.*)

I—can't feel certain as to whether she *wholly* reciprocates. How does one get over that? You are younger than I am.—you must be more experienced. Something she has just said—

GREAME (*rising, agitated*). She's in this house—now——

PETER. Yes.

(GREAME *drops his hands.*)

If you are really not going to be in Hong Kong after to-night, I—I don't mind letting you have a look at Mrs. Peach.

GREAME. Mrs. "Peach!"

PETER. One look at her explains me! (*He starts for the small door.*) I—I—but wait—wait!

GREAME. Mr. Dodder! Mrs. Peach has no interest in me. I won't stay to see her. At midnight you'll hear a gun fired, from a ship in the harbour. You'll probably hear some fuss being made over us as we start down the hill. The gun will mean that—my work is cut out for me for the next three years. You—you might tell that to Mrs. Peach—if you should speak to her of me—(*He takes a sprig of jasmine from a bowl on the table, and puts it in his pocket-book.*)

PETER. But—but I thought if you could say one word to her about the—the general advisability of marriage——

GREAME. I'm going back for one more sight of flowers, and the sound of music, Mr. Dodder. It may be three years before I see another woman dancing. It might be for ever. So I— (*He takes a farewell look about the room.*) Good-bye, Mr. Dodder.

PETER. Good-bye; but—but what would you do, Mr. Greame, if (*he points to the small door*) you——?

GREAME. What I *am* doing.

(*He goes. PETER remains, perplexed. PAMELA slowly returns.*)

PAMELA (*wearily*). Has he gone?

PETER. Yes. (*Absently, as she goes to the curtains.*) Only a young man I knew at Honolulu. (*She draws aside the curtains. One sees beyond, down the steep side of "The Peak," the moonlit harbour of Hong Kong and the silent, glittering lights. She contemplates the scene for a moment, then turns away with a heavy sigh.*)

PAMELA. Oh, I suppose I ought to go to bed. But I can't sleep any more.

PETER. Can't you—read? I could suggest several books improving to the mind. Knowledge—knowledge is a great gift.

PAMELA (*turning on him*). Knowledge! What do I want of knowledge? Oh, that I had never had any knowledge! When I came into this house, I already knew too much. Now that I have spent day upon day in that library—I know a thousand times too much! I was spontaneous, careless, free, once:—but how could any one love me, now—how could any one that ever loved me before! I wish I were as ignorant as that block of wood! I wish I had nothing—nothing in my head, but eyes to shine on what I wanted. Nothing in my heart but the will to possess what I want—no matter what it cost! Then I should go to what I wanted. Oh—I should know how to get what I wanted! And that is the only knowledge worth having in the world!

PETER (*astounded*). Wha-what an extraordinary outburst, Mrs. Peach—?

(*She wipes her eyes and goes to look out into the moonlight.*)

I—I was just asking the advice of Mr. Greame as too——

(*She bounds to him.*)

PAMELA. Greame? Greame? Where is he?

PETER. Wha-what's the matter?

PAMELA. Tell me where his is!

PETER. You know Alan Greame?

PAMELA (*shaking his arm*). Tell me where he is, I say!

PETER. He—he's over the way, at the ball. At night he's leaving for the Arctic Sea, to be gone three years—if he ever comes back at all. He came to ask if I had heard anything from Pamela.

PAMELA. He doesn't know I'm here? He's going up to the ice? He's over there, now—

PETER. Why are you so agitated?

PAMELA. Doesn't he know that I—didn't he want to stay? Don't you know I'm perishing for just one human sound. Why didn't you make him stay?

(The dance music is heard again.)

PETER. But he—he said you weren't interested in him—or he wasn't interested in you—I've forgotten which.

PAMELA. And he's going up to the ice! He knew that I was here—and he wouldn't stay! Now I know how he despises me! That's what it is to have knowledge of the world; that's what it is to have been in prison with a pile of books! And he's—he's going up to the ice—!

PETER. Mrs. Peach—are you ill?

PAMELA. If I but were! *(She sinks to the table.)*
If I might only die!

PETER *(anxiously)*. I wish John would come. John ought to be here by now. It's past eleven. He ought to be here.

PAMELA *(looking up, with a hard voice)*. Yes. He ought to be here. He ought to be here; before I forget the knowledge I have learned. Yes! *(She claps her hands.)* Yes! Fanny! Fanny!

(PETER stares at her without understanding; enter

FAN-*NI.*)

Fanny! Telephone to the Hong Kong Hotel; to Mr. John Dodder. Tell John Dodder that in this house he shall find news of his wife. You sabbee?

FAN-*NI*. One piecee wife. *(Nods.)*

PAMELA. Chop-chop, Fanny!

FAN-*NI*. Chop-chop, one piecee wife.

(Exit.)

(She realizes what she has done.)

PAMELA. And now he'll come ; he'll come and save me !

PETER (*nonplussed*). News of his wife ? Save you ? From what ?

PAMELA. From ever being happy while I live. Oh, hasn't your brother something human in him ? Couldn't he do one splendid act of generosity ?

PETER (*shakes his head*). I shouldn't think so, Mrs. Peach.

PAMELA. Oh, I am not Mrs. Peach !

PETER. What ?

PAMELA. Oh, how dull you are !

PETER. Mrs. Peach—— !

PAMELA. I am his wife.

(*He stares.*)

I am his wife—Pamela !

PETER (*astounded*). Mrs. Peach ! Mrs. Dodder ! Pamela ! (*He drops into a chair.*) I've been made a fool of, by you—by a woman—for the first time in my life !

PAMELA. Oh, how do you know you weren't one already ! (*With sudden contrition.*) No, no—I—I'm sorry I deceived you. (*She approaches him gently.*) Because I think I like you a little.

PETER. No ! Once is enough ! I was transformed ; I was bewitched. The scales have fallen from my eyes at last ! As I said in the beginning, the very beginning ; the invention of woman was more than a mistake ; it was a calamity. (*He starts to leave the room.*)

PAMELA (*sadly*). Ume ! (*She claps her hands.*)

PETER (*turning to her*). If anything I may have seemed to suggest could be twisted into an advance—an overture—such as my brother might—(*he catches his breath in apprehension.*) No ! I never said it ! I never meant to say it ! I—good heaven, John will be here at any moment !

(*He starts to go, then remembers his verses. She*

watches him tear them up and put them into the waste-paper basket. Enter UME. He starts to go, then returns and carries off the basket with him.)

PAMELA. Ume! (*Takes her hand.*) Talk to me, Ume. Hold my hand tight. Don't let me get away. Some one is coming. It is my husband, Ume. Keep saying this: "Knowledge—knowledge—knowledge!"

UME (*not comprehending*). O, my rolove! O, my rolove—!

PAMELA. No, no! Knowledge—knowledge—!

UME. When O, my rolove to come for you?

PAMELA. It isn't he who's coming.

(The electric bell rings.)

Not yet?

(It rings again.)

Yes—he's found me out. You may go now, Ume—I'm—I'm saved, now.

(Enter FAH-NI.)

FAH-NI. One piecee man.

(Enter ALAN GREAME.)

PAMELA. Oh!

GREAME. Pamela!

(They rush towards each other, then stop, constrained.)

(Exit FAH-NI. A pause.)

GREAME. I tried to leave Hong Kong with only having stolen a sprig of jasmine from your house. But I couldn't, Pamela.

PAMELA (*with difficulty*). Oh, I—I—what—how are your chickens?

GREAME. I didn't go to Mindanao. I've found something which perhaps you'll think "big enough—and strong enough."

(They pause, more constrained.)

PAMELA. You are going to the Arctic Sea?

GREAME. We leave at midnight. At Vladivostock we transfer at once to our whaling ship, and start for the north.

PAMELA (*after a moment*). What time is it?

GREAME. Half-past eleven.

PAMELA. You can't withdraw from this?

GREAME. Not after midnight :—not in the honour of such an undertaking.

PAMELA (*after a moment*). I shall never see you again.

GREAME. Oh, I don't suggest that I shall not come back. One goes up there in order to come back, you know.

PAMELA (*with the same finality*). I shall never see you again. (*She turns to him.*) I thank you for what you have done for me.

GREAME. Done for you—?

PAMELA. Helped me on the way to knowledge. Told me to be good.

GREAME. You could never be other than good.

PAMELA. Told me to go back to my husband.

GREAME. Forgive me for that! I had never seen him, I had seen *you* only through eight days. I couldn't measure the real strength of your aversion from him.

PAMELA. Forgive you?

GREAME. I have seen him now: I have heard him speak. We were on the same ship from Kobe to Shanghai; and I ask you to forgive me! (*Wretchedly.*) Why didn't you tell me how he looks—what he is—!

PAMELA. Did you think he was like you?

(*She turns away from him. Across the way a waltz begins, sad and wistful. It affects them both.*)

GREAME. Something has changed in you, Pamela.

PAMELA. Yes. And now I know why men grow tired of us. When we are young and ignorant,

then we have individuality ; then we have spontaneity ; then we have charm. Then in a little while we get knowledge. And then—we all turn into women—just women, all as much alike as so many drops of water in the sea.

GREAME. You can never be anything but Pamela for me. Pamela, what are your plans ?

(She turns away to the balcony.)

Shall you stay long in Hong Kong ?

PAMELA *(her back to him)*. I suppose I shall sail to-morrow.

GREAME. For where ?

PAMELA. I suppose for New York.

GREAME. New York ? But *he* lives there ?

PAMELA. Yes.

GREAME. But you don't wish me to think that you—you —— ?

PAMELA. Music—! *(She turns back, and he follows her.)* Flowers !

GREAME. Not that you are going back to him ?

PAMELA. Freedom ! Youth !

GREAME. You won't do it— !

PAMELA. I had them all for an instant. How sweet they were— !

GREAME. Pamela, you won't go back to *him* !

PAMELA. Yes.

GREAME. You can't ! I won't let you. *(He seizes her hand.)* Pamela !

(She draws away.)

Pamela, I love you ! I love you and—*(he takes her in his arms)*—I cannot let you go ! Pamela !

PAMELA. Oh, why do you do this— !

GREAME. I can't see you give yourself to him ! I should think of you as dead !

(She covers her face with her hands.)

PAMELA. Oh, if I let you go, you'll never, never come back—!

GREAME. Then come with me to Italy, to the gardens of the world! Oh, once upon the sea again, how happy we should be! Pamela, say you'll come! (*He draws her close.*) Pamela!

PAMELA. Oh, say—say you won't go up to the ice!

GREAME. Not if you'll come with me to Italy. Listen; there's a man across the road who would give his head to take my place. Let me go to him. I'll be back in five minutes. In the morning, we'll be on board a steamer for the Mediterranean! Pamela!

(*He makes as if to go; she clings to him.*)

PAMELA. Ah, don't go—don't go!

GREAME. But only for five minutes. Pamela, say you'll go! (*She can't answer.*) Pamela!

(*She holds him and tries to speak.*)

PAMELA. Alan——,

GREAME. What is it?

PAMELA. If you go—when you come back, my husband will be here.

GREAME. So much the better.

PAMELA. Ah, say you won't go up to the ice! Promise me that!

GREAME (*gaily*). Yes, if you'll go with me. Promise me!

(*The bell rings.*)

PAMELA. Listen!

(*It rings again.*)

He's come! He's come.

GREAME (*eagerly*). So much the better. Put me in the position to tell him. Say it Pamela!

PAMELA. But you promised—on your honour—not to go up to the ice!

GREAME. I must go to my ship at midnight, in honour, unless you give me the reason not to go! (*Eagerly.*) Pamela—quick!

PAMELA (*breathlessly, waving him back*). He's coming—he's coming! (*He cannot understand—she wrings her hands.*) Oh, I won't cry. I will be Pamela! (*Nervously laughing.*) Perhaps you'll like me a little, then!

GREAME (*is nonplussed*). But, Pamela, you must say "yes" or "no" to me!

PAMELA (*nervously pointing to the doorway*). Wait! Wait!

(*They listen; she takes nervous steps towards the small door. Enter FAH-NI.*)

FAH-NI. One piecee old man.

PAMELA. Oh, I can't! I can't!
(*She hurries out by the small door. Enter JOHN DODDER. He is 65, keen, hard, and cold. JOHN stops and faces FAH-NI, who is expressionless, then discovers GREAME.*)

JOHN. Who are you?

GREAME. My name is Greame, Mr. Dodder—Alan Greame.

(*FAH-NI closes the curtains. JOHN scrutinizes GREAME. FAH-NI retires by the small door.*)

JOHN. You know my wife?

GREAME. We met on the steamer from San Francisco to Honolulu.

JOHN. She explained to you why she was travelling alone, and under the name of Towne?

GREAME. Yes.

JOHN. She—she explained that fully?

GREAME. Yes.

JOHN. And then you went along with her from Honolulu to Japan?

GREAME. No. Our next meeting was a surprise to me—at Tsuboyama.

JOHN. Oh! Now I remember your name. The innkeeper told me your stay at his inn was not even over one night. That was correct?

GREAME. Yes; Mrs. Dodder left Tsuboyama within an hour of my arrival.

JOHN. But I suppose she had the benefit of your advice as to how to reach Hong Kong as quickly and quietly as possible?

GREAME. No! I have not seen her since that night until a few minutes ago.

JOHN (*somewhat convinced and relieved*). Oh! Then I assume that it will not spoil any programme of yours if you never see her again, after to-night.

(GREAME *does not answer.*)

Or to make myself clearer, my wife—(*he hesitates*) well, I don't know what your impression has been of all this, (*he waves at the room*) but I don't care. Mr. Greame, you look upon a man actually at the threshold of his honeymoon; and perhaps you'll call again; at such time as I may indicate—

GREAME. I—I don't think I shall have the pleasure of seeing you again, Mr. Dodder, in any case.

JOHN. However, don't let that thought prolong our parting.

GREAME. I'm as ready to say farewell as you are, Mr. Dodder. But your coming interrupted a conversation I was having with Pam—with Mrs. Dodder.

JOHN. About what?

GREAME. I shouldn't object to finishing it in your presence.

JOHN. I might object to your doing so. What was your conversation about?

GREAME. I'm sorry; but I don't see my way to tell you.

(JOHN *takes this with suppressed anger; thinks.*)

JOHN (*with a sudden look to the door*). Are you diverting my attention, while she—

(*He starts quickly to the small door. It opens and FAH-NI enters and bars his way. JOHN turns to the other doorway. Enter two coolies, one with a valise. They stop and bar the way. JOHN turns to GREAME.*)

JOHN. What explanation do you offer of this?

(*One coolie hands the valise through the closed curtains. Then returns to the doorway.*)

GREAME. I don't know what's happening, Mr. Dodder.

(*JOHN goes to the curtains—listens; then suddenly draws aside curtains—exposing PETER in the act of getting over balustrade with his valise.*)

JOHN. Peter!

PETER (*wretchedly, after searching for words*). John! —I—I thought she was Mrs. Peach. If you will allow me to explain, John, I—

JOHN. Peter, come here and sit down. (*Peter obeys.*) Peter—(*with a suspicious look at GREAME*) I want to know who has been living in this house besides my wife.

(*PETER hesitates.*)

Is it a man?

PETER. No, John, no:—only me! I—I thought she was Mrs. Peach!

JOHN. Then anything might happen—

(*Enter UME.*)

under your nose.

(*To UME.*)

Come here!

(*She obeys, afraid of him.*)

I am going to ask you some questions. You will answer with the truth, do you hear?

(*She is puzzled.*)

Do you hear?

UME (*with a look to GREAME*). Komban wa!
(*She bows and watches JOHN's face.*)

JOHN. Speak English? You do speak English?

UME (*brightening*). Engrish—heh. Spik Engrish—goo' mornin'!—hot water!—co' my hair!—gi' my toosh-brush!—gi' my petticoat!—gi' my corsy-cov'! O my rolove—my rolove, why I am so unahappy!

JOHN. Never mind. (*Pointing to GREAME.*) Do you know this gentleman?

UME. Heh! O my rolove—!

JOHN (*tired of her*). Gibberish! (*To FAH-NI.*) Come here!

(*FAH-NI remains motionless.*)

Come here! (*There is no response, and JOHN goes to FAH-NI; he points to GREAME.*) Do you know this gentleman?

FAH-NI (*blankly*). No sabbee.

JOHN. How many people are living in this house?

FAH-NI. No sabbee.

JOHN. Who occupies this house, besides your mistress?

FAH-NI. No sabbee.

JOHN. If I draw a pistol and shoot you through the head, will you understand that?

FAH-NI (*after a moment*). No sabbee.

JOHN. Ask your mistress to come here.

(*FAH-NI is motionless.*)

Ask your mistress to come! Damn you, do as I say!

GREAME. Mr. Dodder—Mrs. Dodder's servants do not understand who you are. Fah-ni, will you tell lady, she not come, I go chop-chop.

FAH-NI (*promptly*). Chop-chop! (*All the servants withdraw.*)

JOHN (*to GREAME*). They understand you well enough. So shall I, before we finish.

GREAME. Yes.

PETER. She told me she was Mrs. Peach. If you will let me explain, John——

JOHN. Be still!

(They wait for the small door to open. PAMELA stops at the sight of JOHN. He advances with a smile, and outstretched hands.)

My dear——!

(She draws back; he suppresses a burst of anger.)

Peter, if you want to explain, explain to me the bulging confidence with which this man remains here!

GREAME. Mrs. Dodder—it will soon be midnight. May I take it from our conversation that you—that you—— *(He begs her to speak. She hesitates.)*

JOHN. That she intends to return to her husband? You may take that from my conversation now, Mr. Greame. *(He points to the door.)* You may take it with you.

GREAME *(to PAMELA, after a pause)*. Shall I?

PAMELA. No.

(JOHN takes some seconds to suppress his anger; he tries to be kind.)

JOHN. Pamela, what was the subject of your conversation with Mr. Greame?

(She will not answer.)

GREAME. It was the subject we are on now, Mr. Dodder.

JOHN. I asked my wife, sir. Pamela, you are my wife in the sight of God; and you have duties to perform to me. I sail for San Francisco to-morrow at ten. Are you going with me?

PAMELA. No.

JOHN. Why not?

(She does not answer, but looks to GREAME.)

Peter, what is this man? (*He turns to GREAME.*)
Are you in love with her? Peter!

PETER. I'm afraid he is, John. Though why he should bulge with confidence, instead of with the most serious apprehension—I don't know.

JOHN. Pamela, tell me what I have a right to know.

(*She is silent.*)

Why don't you speak?

GREAME. Isn't it simple enough to answer? It will soon be midnight. Once I've gone, I can't turn back. Will you have me think I've stayed too long already?

(*She tries to speak, but fails.*)

JOHN. Yes. That is what she does wish you to think.

(*GREAME starts as if to depart.*)

PAMELA (*jumping up*). No!

(*GREAME stops.*)

JOHN. What! In the first hour I have seen you since we were married, you wish this man to stay?

PETER. Then I think this exonerates me.

JOHN. Hold your tongue. (*To PAMELA.*) Answer me!

PAMELA. He threatens to go up to the ice in the Arctic Sea; and if he does, I shall never see him again!

JOHN. Why should you ever see him again? How far has this gone?

(*No answer.*)

(*He turns to GREAME.*) So, by God! So! My wife, eh? My wife!

GREAME. How much has she ever been your wife?

JOHN. As much as law and holy rites can make her.

GREAME. Then law and holy rites are not enough. There's a right to her more sacred than the one you find so difficult to enforce. If she chooses to leave here with me, to-night, I am prepared for any objections you may make.

(The two men face each other ; then JOHN affects to be amused.)

JOHN *(to PAMELA, with a wave)*. My dear, you have fallen into the hands of an adventurer.

PAMELA. He is not an adventurer!

JOHN. What is he? Has he any fortune? No! Has he any vocation? No! Is it possible you don't realize the extreme gravity of the promise you have made to me in the sight of your Maker?

PAMELA. I do realize it.

PETER. Ah!

JOHN. Then, if you realize, why have you fled from me, half-way around the globe?

PAMELA. *Because* I realize it.

JOHN. Then why did you marry me? You acted of your own free will.

PAMELA. Yes, my will, and not my heart. Oh, where was your generosity? You must have known!

JOHN *(more gently)*. Pamela, you need only appear to live with me. You need never see me, so long as you consent also never to see Mr. Greame.

PETER. John's offer is a most generous one. And it avoids scandal.

JOHN. The offer is magnanimous.

PETER. You must think of your reputation.

PAMELA. Oh, I'm not thinking of myself!

PETER. You must think of the burden such a step would place on Mr. Greame.

PAMELA. That is what I have been thinking of from the minute he came into the room. What would become of your career, your happiness?

GREAME. My career? My happiness? Your hesitation's killing me.

JOHN (*triumphantly*). Your career will be without her, sir. I am your husband in the sight of Heaven, Pamela. I say no more. (*Places chair c.*) I put my trust in God.

(*He sits down, as PETER jumps up.*)

PETER. Don't you do it, John! Don't you weaken. Young woman—

GREAME AND JOHN (*savagely*). Get out! (*Peter leaves the room.*)

PAMELA (*with difficulty*). Alan—I'm thinking of you. Alan—you promised not to go to the ice!

GREAME. I did not, Pamela.

(*She appeals tearfully to JOHN.*)

PAMELA. He did! He did! Oh, make him keep that promise! Make him keep that promise! If you do—perhaps I will go to New York!

GREAME. What? You would go to New York with him? You would go anywhere in the world with *him*? That's how much you care for me? At last you've spoken! (*To JOHN.*) Sir, my apologies—! (*He starts to go.*)

PAMELA (*running in front of him.*) Alan—no! (*She kneels to JOHN.*) Ah, Mr. Dodder—Mr. Dodder—don't let him go. Don't let him go. Who will ever know that I was married to you! Let me be his wife—let me be happy, Mr. Dodder—give me back my life. Give me back my life!

JOHN (*savagely*). "Mr. Dodder!" (*He rises.*) Whom God has joined together, let no man put asunder. No man has the power to. It can't be done.

GREAME. It can be done. Do you say it shall be done?

(*She jumps to her feet.*)

PAMELA (*to GREAME*). Oh, does he think if I do not go with you, I shall go with him? No!

JOHN. We shall see to that!

PAMELA. My servants will. Follow me again—follow me—to Canton—Canton, that is reeking with death and the plague. Let us see how long God will keep us joined together.

GREAME. No, no—Not to Canton. Not to the plague!

PAMELA. A million times better the plague than him! If you will not have me risk the danger of the plague, why do you risk the dangers of the ice?

GREAME. Because at last you've told me how I stand. What is this about death and the plague—when you won't risk life, with me! What becomes of Pamela—Pamela that was so spontaneous—so splendid in her fearlessness!

JOHN. She has acquired wisdom.

GREAME. "Wisdom?" Is it wisdom, to give her youth to you?

PAMELA (*to GREAME*). I've learnt from you—not from him! And oh, I beg you, Alan—

GREAME (*drawing away from her*). You've acquired "wisdom!" Ah, how you've dwindled in the process!

PAMELA. Alan—I'm thinking of you—

GREAME. "Thinking!" Love does not think. Yours is the wisdom of death—not life. Whether I come back or not, I shall never see you again.

(*He starts to go; she spreads her arms to stop him.*)

PAMELA. Alan, Alan, I love you—!

JOHN. Pamela!

GREAME. Then will you go with me, now?

PAMELA. And because I love you—I will not go with you.

(*He gives a bitter laugh.*)

Alan! If you love me, you will not go up to the ice!

GREAME (*coldly deliberate*). And I am going. I loved Pamela. She was the frankest, sweetest creature Heaven ever made; and I would have gone through hell for her. But Pamela is dead; killed, by the first foul breath of the world.

(*A cannon-shot reverberates from the hills.*)

Yes: Pamela is dead.

(*He goes without looking behind him; PAMELA sinks on the steps. There has begun a murmur of voices, from across the road. It increases, as if from many people coming out of a house. Calls of "Good-bye, Murgroyd! Good-bye!" "Where's Greame?" "There he is—there's Greame!" "Good-bye, Greame! Good-bye, old chap!" Then the throng, men and women, begin to sing, "For he's a jolly good fellow!" The women's voices drop out almost at once, and the men's voices begin to diminish in the distance. PAMELA rushes to the curtains; she draws them, and looks out.*)

PAMELA. Alan! Alan! I'll go! I'll go!!

(*JOHN DODDER jumps and draws her back.*)

Alan! (*She sinks to the floor. JOHN DODDER draws the curtains to, then turns grimly to face FAH-NI and the two Chinese servants, who seem prepared to eject him from the house.*)

ACT IV

A verandah in the mountains of Alberta, three years later. Brilliant sunlight bathes the rocky pinnacles.

NURSE TRACEY *softly enters and latches the door; then thoughtfully sits, as enter, by the opposite door,*
DR. JOYCE, *a hearty Canadian of 35. He carries a surgeon's case. He looks into the room whence she has come, then softly closes the door. She hands him a telegram.*

JOYCE. How long has he been sleeping like that?

TRACEY. For an hour.

(He opens and reads the telegram: gives it to her to read.)

JOYCE. Do you know what that means, for an old lady who spends money as she does?

TRACEY. If it is an old lady.

JOYCE. It means she's coming on a special train.
(He takes up a clinical chart.)

TRACEY *(pensively)*. She must care a lot for him.

JOYCE. And yet she won't let us know her name, or allow us to tell him she's coming. Though, if I knew, I shouldn't tell him. *(Consulting the chart.)* Pulse down to 58, eh? Curious! He had four hours' sleep last night, then. How many hours did you get?

TRACEY. I couldn't sleep. Part of the time he looked so dead.

JOYCE. No reason why you couldn't sleep a little while he was awake. I can see the state you are getting into. *(He fills his pipe.)*

TRACEY. When he's awake he sits staring at the wall—always with something on his mind—something he won't speak about.

JOYCE. I've met a man who knows something about Greame's affairs. Greame was bad enough when he got back to Sitka ; and then he heard that his brother was dead : and that he had inherited the title. But the title was swamped in debts. Rather a blow. But that doesn't explain how his pulse can keep along at this level, day in and day out. (*He sits down and forgets about GREAME. After a moment.*) They've trapped a grizzly bear cub over at the camp.

TRACEY (*thinking of GREAME*). She has plenty of money. She must care a lot for him.

JOYCE. Yes, judging by the way she overdoes the flowers. If we kept all the jasmine she has had sent since she sailed from Liverpool—fancy sending flowers from Montreal to a country like this ! Still, why must we assume from that that she is a woman ?

TRACEY. Because she is. I can feel that. That's why he isn't to know who's coming. But he won't have any of the jasmine in his room.

JOYCE. Oh—he talked to-day ? Melancholy— ?

TRACEY. He was as peevish as a child. He made me shut the door because Mr. Thompson was upstairs playing the piano. There's one thing Mr. Thompson plays he can't stand.

JOYCE. Which ?

TRACEY. You know that thing he's always playing.

JOYCE. What ? (*He hums the waltz which was played at LADY MURGROYD'S dance.*) H'm—what's wrong with that ?

TRACEY. I tried to cheer him up. I said he was getting well, now. He said he could get well, if he wanted to. He said he could wade through Hell, if there was an object. But he said there was no object.

JOYCE. That's the sort of talk I don't like—from a

man who accomplished what he did in the Arctic. What did you say?

TRACEY. I took courage to ask him if there wasn't any woman he cared for.

JOYCE. Yes—?

TRACEY. He looked at me a while without speaking. Then I said to him: "Isn't there a single woman in this world you care for?" He said: "No. Nor a married one. No!" So I took some of the flowers and put them in his hand. "Why always jasmine—jasmine!" he said. "Take them away!"

JOYCE. You didn't suggest anything to make him suspect *she* had a hand in it, did you?

TRACEY. I couldn't help saying that perhaps it *was* some one who loved him. I couldn't help pitying her poor little flowers. And—he sat looking at me so strangely!—I couldn't help thinking how nice—how very nice it would be, if she did love him—if she was young and beautiful and everything one likes to think of—and hurrying over the ocean, and across this great continent in a special train, hoping and fearing and longing to get here, because she loved him—! And then I couldn't help—I couldn't help—— (*She gives way to tears.*)

JOYCE (*unmoved*). How did it affect him to see a woman—blubbing?

TRACEY. He—he took my hand and said: "Now—now—what the devil are you doing that for?"

JOYCE. Well, that is what I say. Disgraceful for a professional nurse:—pathological! Go home and sleep for a week. I'll send down another nurse to take this case.

TRACEY. Oh, Dr. Joyce—! He's my case! He wouldn't be happy with anybody else! Please not!

JOYCE. "Happy?" I didn't know he *was* happy. Will you get some sleep?

TRACEY. Truly I will, Doctor! I promise you! I'll sleep now! (*She leans back in a chair; but remains sad-faced, with open eyes.*)

JOYCE (*taking up a book*). You wouldn't give yourself half as much emotion for a live man, would you?

TRACEY (*for JOYCE'S own benefit*). There is more in *his* heart when it's going 58, than there is in some men's hearts that go 72 to the minute.

JOYCE. Well, if he can't make his own heart go, he seems able to keep yours pumping. That's the way women are:—always mixing politics with business. You're supposed to be the handmaiden of science: not a tear jug. Oh, well—get a nap. (*He reads.*) “Traumatic rupture of the spinal cord, with progressive cerebral paralysis:” now, if I had the luck to get a case like that! (*He smiles, reading. There is the sound of horses hauling a vehicle up a stiff incline. TRACEY jumps and runs to look off from verandah. He follows behind her.*)

TRACEY. Oh!

JOYCE. Good heavens! What kind of travelling troupe is this?

TRACEY. Did you see her? Did you see her? She is young. She's lovely!

JOYCE (*he throws down his book*). Well, I can't cure him scientifically. I'm going to try some emotional bunkum, with the woman, (*he points to the door*) if she'll—

(*The door bursts open and PAMELA rushes in, followed by UME and FAH-NI, carrying her small luggage and bunches of jasmine.*)

PAMELA (*tremulously*). Are you the nurse? Are you the doctor? I haven't had a word from you since my train left Saskatoon. Has anything happened?

(*They stare.*)

Has anything happened?

JOYCE (*taking her in*). No.

- PAMELA. He's not worse ?
- JOYCE. No.
- PAMELA. You mean—you mean because he can't be worse ?
- JOYCE (*after a moment*). In some ways.
- PAMELA. What do you mean ? Ah, tell me how he is !
- JOYCE. He's asleep.
- PAMELA. Asleep—! He—he'll wake up again ?
- JOYCE. If he hears your voice.
- PAMELA (*relieved*). Oh ! But how is he ? He *will* get well ?
- JOYCE. I don't know.
- PAMELA. You don't know ? It's your business to know !
- JOYCE. It's my business not to think I know more than I do know. Won't you sit down ? (*He places a chair for her.*)
- PAMELA. But you must have an opinion—?
- JOYCE. I don't know.
- PAMELA. But a thousand pounds were sent to you. Wasn't that enough ?
- JOYCE. It was a thousand pounds too much. The finest thing in that expedition was done by Mr. Greame. I'm his countryman :—everything I have is at his disposal.
- PAMELA. But why didn't you get every great physician in the country here, in consultation ?
- JOYCE. Because I don't want to kill my patient.
- PAMELA. But there must be consultations !
- JOYCE. He objects to consultations.
- PAMELA. I insist !
- JOYCE. You have the right ?
- PAMELA (*bowing her head*). No.
- JOYCE (*after a moment*). You'd like to see him now—?
- PAMELA (*in sudden fear*). No !
- JOYCE. I—I wish to form an opinion as to whether you ought ever to see him.

PAMELA (*in the reverse fear*). Not ever—? Not one glimpse of him?

JOYCE. How will the sight of you affect him?

PAMELA (*wretchedly*). I don't know.

JOYCE. Won't he be glad to see you?

PAMELA. I don't know.

JOYCE. You must have an opinion?

PAMELA. I don't know!

JOYCE. You don't seem to know any more than I do. May I ask:—are you a maiden lady?

PAMELA (*after a moment*). Yes.

JOYCE. I don't yet know your name.

PAMELA. Mrs. John Dodder.

JOYCE. A—maiden lady?

PAMELA. Yes. I—on the day of my wedding, I went to China. I left my husband in America. Then—

JOYCE. I don't wish to intrude too far into your affairs. I am concerned solely with Mr. Greame—Sir Alan. You do not know whether he will wish to see you?

PAMELA. He may wish never to see me.

JOYCE. You parted with him in Hong Kong, did you not?

PAMELA (*hopefully*). He mentioned that?

JOYCE. No; but he spoke of Hong Kong. May I ask if—if when you parted with him, your relations were friendly? I feel compelled to ask that.

PAMELA (*with difficulty*). We parted—when he was in anger.

JOYCE. And you—?

(*She cannot answer; he ponders.*)

Mrs. Dodder:—should you care, if I took you into that room and you found him—dead?

PAMELA (*jumping up, with a cry of despair*). Oh—!!

JOYCE (*quickly*). He won't be! Sit down, Mrs. Dodder. I am sorry I said that. You shall see him, in a moment. You've heard how he staggered

up over the skyline, delirious, with a man on his back. He was brought down to the United States Marine Hospital at Sitka. He left there too soon. His one idea appeared to be to get to England, and to meet his creditors, I suppose: those he had inherited from his brother.

PAMELA. I know.

JOYCE. The day he reached Prince Rupert he dropped from exhaustion at the door of a house where I happened to be. I brought him up here. Since then, his pulse, which ought to average 72, continues to average around 50. If it jumps to 80, at the sight of you—

(She mournfully shakes her head.)

it may be very serious for him. He seems to have made the most strenuous effort a man can make, of physical strength—and will-power; then to have come back to civilization and found himself bankrupt, so to speak, in respect of money, of strength—and perhaps of his affections.

PAMELA. Isn't there anything that will make his heart beat faster—? Isn't there anything?

JOYCE *(after a moment)*. That is what I ask you. I'm only a medicine man.

(He goes into the room where GREAME is. FAH-NI looks in after him.)

FAH-NI *(to UME, pointing to where GREAME is)*. Oh, my love.

UME. Oh, my rolove—?

FAH-NI. Oh, my love plenty lie down sick.

UME. Plenty lie down sick—?

BOTH. Too bahd—!

(NURSE TRACEY has been studying PAMELA.)

TRACEY *(to PAMELA)*. Why did you always send jasmine?

(PAMELA is startled; she cannot answer.)

Will you tell me something? I have watched over Mr. Greame ever since he came here. I don't want him hurt. If you are another man's wife, how can you—how could you—

PAMELA. Do you think I want to hurt him? I can't hurt him. He can only hurt me. But I don't look evil, do I?

TRACEY (*after a moment*). No. I would give anything in this world to be what I *think* you are!

PAMELA. And you've talked with him? Did he ever seem to notice the jasmine flowers?

TRACEY. Yes.

PAMELA. Didn't he like them?

TRACEY. I put some in his hands this morning.

PAMELA. He——?

TRACEY. He didn't want them.

(PAMELA'S *spirits sink*. FAH-NI and UME go to her.)

FAH-NI. Plenty bahd—?

PAMELA. Plenty bad, Fanny!

FAH-NI. Look sick die—?

UME. Not can die—not can!!

FAH-NI. My tinkee: *one* kiss medicine, *two* kiss medicine, *three* kiss medicine:—makee jumpee, makee danshee—make plenty good, number one all lightee!

PAMELA (*shaking her head*). Not can do, Fanny.

FAH-NI. O—!—Can do! Can do!

UME. *Must* can do!!

(JOYCE returns.)

PAMELA. He's still asleep?

JOYCE. Yes. He's sound asleep in his chair. I'm going to wheel him out here now. It's the warm part of the day. (*He looks to TRACEY, and she leaves them together. He speaks to PAMELA in a lowered tone.*) You know what the poets mean when they speak of the leaping of the heart?

PAMELA. I think I do.

JOYCE. His heart mustn't leap—not even to the

stimulus of joy. I shouldn't wish him to be wakened, for instance, by any sudden noise.

PAMELA. Oh, no!

JOYCE. And if his heart is in no condition to withstand a pleasant surprise, anything like the stimulus of anger would be still worse.

PAMELA. He's too gentle to be angry with me for coming.

JOYCE. And the shock of being denied something he very much wants—that would be the worst of all.

PAMELA. He won't want anything.

JOYCE. Then if he can't be *made* to want something—in my opinion he'll die.

(*He goes into the other room. PAMELA waits nervously.*)

FAH-NI (*whispers to her*). Can do!

UME. Must can do!

(*JOYCE pushes in a chair with small wheels in which, half-reclining, ALAN GREAME lies asleep. PAMELA looks long at him.*)

PAMELA. How weary he looks!

JOYCE. No wonder, after what he's gone through. (*Suddenly.*) Good-bye.

PAMELA. But you are not going to leave me alone with him!

JOYCE. Yes, I'll trust you. When they begin to play the piano upstairs, that will probably rouse him.

PAMELA. But if he wakes—if he wants something—?

JOYCE. No. (*He speaks with a meaning.*) If he *doesn't* want something—!

(*He goes, and after a moment PAMELA, with some diffidence, motions for the Orientals to follow him.*)

FAH-NI (*at the door, pointing to GREAME*). Five kiss medicine!

UME. Ten kiss medicine! Can do!

(*PAMELA shakes her head.*)

FAH-NI AND UME. Can do!!

(They leave her alone with GREAME. For some time PAMELA gazes at him. Then she takes some jasmine and softly lays it on the rug which covers him. He stirs and she runs away, as if she would like to hide. She sits down. In a moment she makes up her mind and comes behind the chair.)

PAMELA (softly, from behind him). "Music—flowers—freedom—youth—!!"

(He stirs; she flees precipitately; he slowly opens his eyes.)

GREAME (staring). "Music——" (A faint smile comes over his face.) "I had a dream——!"

(Languidly he pulls himself up and the chair straightens to accommodate him.)

I was looking out from a balcony, over some banyan trees, on to the harbour.

(She is pleased.)

It was moonlight, and there was music, and the scent of flowers. (He discovers jasmine.) Yes. Then— (smiling) I did something which I—— (He laughs, as if at himself.)

PAMELA (as he does not go on). Something which you——?

(His expression alters; he turns his head, but the width of the chair-back makes it too much of an effort for him to get a view of her.)

GREAME. Who are you?

(She retreats, making no answer.)

Where's Miss Tracey? (Petulantly.) I want Miss Tracey!

PAMELA. Gone.

GREAME. You are taking her place?

PAMELA. Yes.

GREAME. For how long ?

PAMELA. Don't know.

GREAME. H'm (*After a moment.*) Your voice—!
(*She is panic-stricken.*) Or was it the echo of my silly dream. (*He makes as if to get a glimpse of her.*)

PAMELA (*hastily gasping*). Ye'll go on wi' your bonny dream ?

GREAME (*annoyed by the accent*). H'm ! (*Drily.*) No. I'll go on without it.

(*A pause. She tries several times to speak.*)

PAMELA. When you're aweeke, what would Miss Treecey do ?

GREAME. Oh, she'd take my temperature, of course !

PAMELA (*alarmed*). What for— ?

GREAME. To see if I'm dead.

PAMELA (*helplessly*). How would she take your temperature ?

GREAME. With a gimlet. Please fetch the thermometer. I want to see how I'm smouldering.

(*She hunts about the table, hurt by his manner, and afraid he will turn and see her ; he grows impatient.*)

May I ask if you expect to get paid for your very intelligent researches ?

PAMELA. Not in money !

(*She finds what she thinks is right ; comes cautiously down with it, then passes a bath thermometer to him over his shoulder. He makes a faint effort to get a glimpse of her, then contemplates the bath thermometer.*)

GREAME. H'm ! Do you expect me to put that under my tongue ? That's a bath thermometer !

PAMELA. Oh, no ! (*She reaches around and takes it from him, and retreats breathlessly.*)

GREAME. One thing she does, in common humanity !—is to arrange my pillow ! You may do that !

(*She cautiously comes and raises the back of his chair. Shielding herself behind it, she gives a tug at his pillow, for which he lifts his head, with irony.*)

I am deeply indebted to you! (*He turns a little, as she makes a successful retreat.*) Considering your voice, which suggests beauty to me, you seem to have a great objection to showing your face.

PAMELA (*nodding*). It's ugly.

GREAME. Very likely. And there the resemblance ends.

PAMELA. To your dream——?

GREAME. H'm.

(*A pause.*)

PAMELA. There was music in your dream, and flowers. And—was there a woman?

GREAME. Not a real woman.

PAMELA. Why not?

GREAME. Because it was a sentimental dream. It is impossible to have sentiment about a real woman: not after one has found her out. You won't find my personal reminiscences interesting, if I don't myself.

PAMELA. How do you know?

GREAME. They are moth-eaten. If you've come here to read human documents for your forthcoming novel, try the man upstairs. He has the top of his spine in a plaster cast.

PAMELA. Oh!

GREAME. He'll make an ideal game for a woman. If you can get him to wink at you it will probably break his neck. Meanwhile leave me with something to read:—any book from one of those shelves.

PAMELA (*unwillingly*). They're not interesting.

GREAME (*testily*). Climb up on a chair and read off the titles, one by one!

(*She obeys.*)

PAMELA (*searching for the worst*). "One Hundred

Cases of Melancholia." "Greene : On The Liver." (*Triumphantly.*) "Black : On The Spleen."

GREAME. Stop ! "One Hundred Cases of Melancholia," "Green : On the Liver," and "Black : On the Spleen" ! Never mind ; don't feel you must stop here.

PAMELA (*wretchedly*). There isn't anything I can do for you ?

GREAME. Yes. Your voice stirs up unpleasant memories, and there *is* one thing you can do for me.

PAMELA. Memories of whom ?

GREAME. Memories of some one I have—forgotten.

PAMELA. You're sure of that ?

GREAME (*coldly*). Yes.

PAMELA (*after a moment*). Then—what is the one thing I can do for you ?

GREAME. Go home.

(*She turns, driving back the tears.*)

PAMELA. Very well. (*She collects her hat and coat and then comes to where, if he turns, he will see her.*) Good-bye.

(*He turns.*)

GREAME. Pamela ! (*His great excitement fills her with fear.*)

PAMELA. I haven't startled you too much, have I ? Have I ?

GREAME (*mastering himself*). No. No. How—how do you happen here ? Is your—is your husband with you ?

PAMELA (*with some reservation*). Not at present. I—I was crossing the continent. I heard you were ill.

(*He stares.*)

GREAME. Then he—after that night in Hong Kong, you went to Canton ? (*She nods.*) And he followed you ?

PAMELA. He sent a messenger.

GREAME. And you—went back?

PAMELA (*again with a reservation*). After a while I did.

(*He looks at her, then gives a short laugh.*)

GREAME. H'm! (*He lets the jasmine, with which he has toyed from time to time, slip from his fingers: laughs ironically.*) H'm!

PAMELA. There's nothing I can do for you, before I go?

GREAME. I think not, thanks. (*She turns to go.*) Except one thing. I think he's keeping my business letters from me. It's absurd: there's nothing wrong with my heart—not from to-day! I want to know about Branleigh Towers, my late brother's estate in Sussex, my ancestral home. And if you could manage——

PAMELA. Branleigh Towers was sold at auction, a few days before I left England.

GREAME. So Branleigh Towers is gone, along with everything else—! You didn't happen to hear how much it fetched?

PAMELA. Yes. Precisely. It fetched £108,000 9s. 2d.

GREAME. £108,000! Nonsense! It was never worth £80,000!

PAMELA. I don't care. It was worth that to the purchaser.

GREAME. What idiot gave £108,000 for it?

PAMELA (*evasively*). A person from North America.

GREAME. Oh, of course! The American gave £30,000 more than any one else would have given for it.

PAMELA. Yes, she did.

GREAME. A woman?

PAMELA. Yes.

GREAME. Fool!

PAMELA. Yes.

GREAME. Swankeedoodle ! (*A pause.*) What's her name ?

PAMELA. Pamela Dodder.

(*He starts.*)

GREAME. You—?

PAMELA. Yes.

GREAME. You bought it to live in ?

(*She nods.*)

With your husband.

PAMELA (*after a moment, wretchedly*). Yes.

(*Again he laughs.*)

GREAME. There's irony in that ! Even you can see the irony in that, I suppose !

PAMELA. Yes.

GREAME. " Music—flowers—freedom—youth "— !
(*He laughs.*)

(*A piano in a room above begins to play the waltz which was played at LADY MURGROYD'S dance, in Hong Kong, on the night when PAMELA was for a moment in GREAME'S arms. The effect upon them both declares itself in wretchedness. PAMELA slowly goes to the door and turns the knob. He watches her swing open the door.*)

GREAME. Pamela— !

(*She stops.*)

There's something I want to say before we part again.

(*She returns to him ; he hesitates.*)

I've been for weeks and weeks alone, in the frozen silence of the north, since I saw you ; and I—why did you ask about my dream ?

(*The music keeps taking deeper hold of them.*)

PAMELA. Because you spoke of a balcony and banyan trees, and the scent of jasmine, in the dream

you liked so much. And I thought—— (*She cannot go on.*)

GREAME Oh, the jasmine-scented night! And the banyan trees, and the still moon gleaming on the water! I dreamt I was back in the icy wilderness, delirious and alone, with the death-sleep sinking on my eyes. And, again, I heard your voice—your voice, calling me back to the south: and I heard the music, even as now! And again I staggered up and stumbled on; and—in my dream, I was in Hong Kong again, on the balcony, with warm blood in my veins; and with you—you in my arms, alone! And we whispered to each other—Music: flowers—freedom—youth! And now—you wake me with the touch of that old man upon you: to tell me you have bought my house, to live in, with *him*!

PAMELA.—Oh, do you think it was John Dodder I had planned to live with, in your house? The messenger he sent to Canton brought back the plague to him. John Dodder died of it.

GREAME (*quickly*). Then——? (*With a sudden descent to the depths.*) Then you are going to marry again!

PAMALA. Am I—?

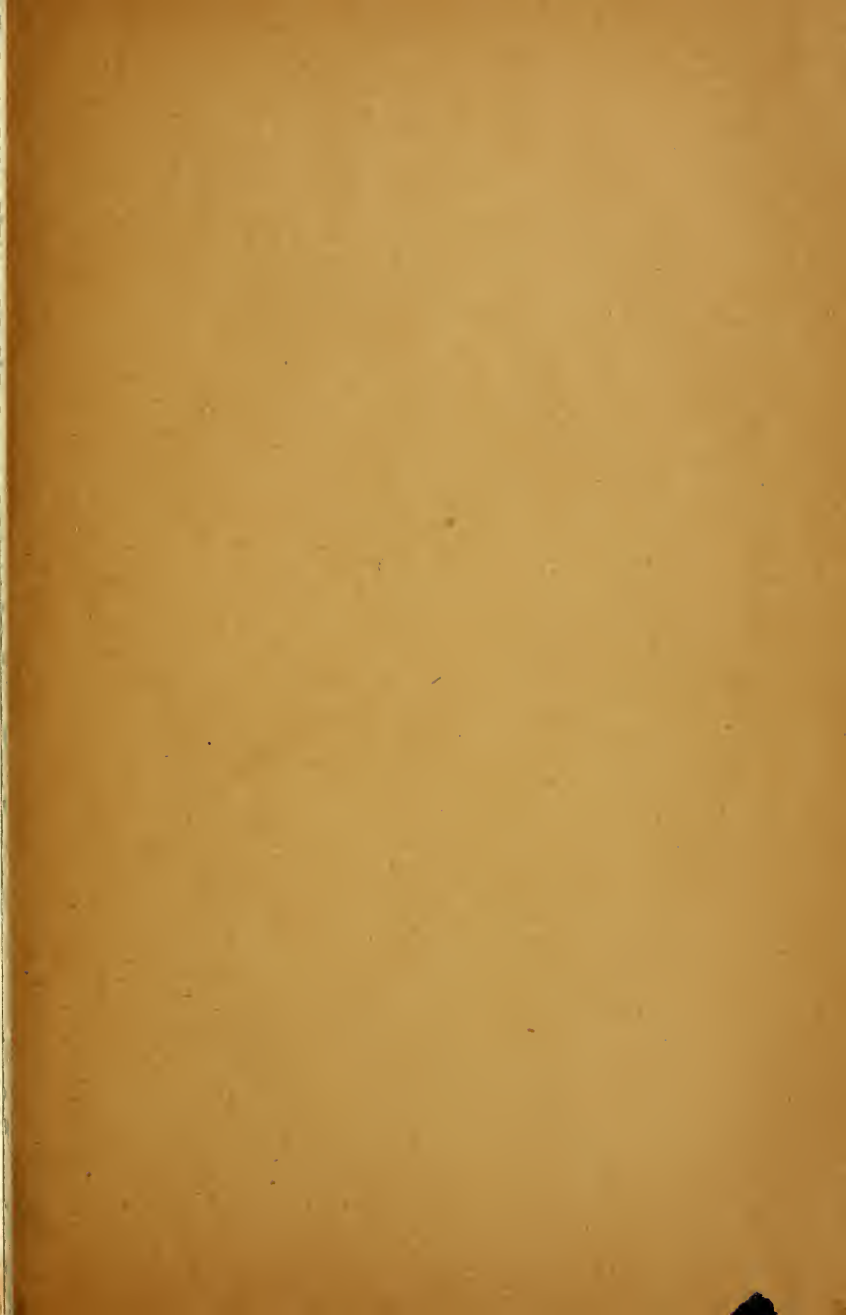
GREAME. But you say you've bought my house to live in with your husband.

(*She kneels by him.*)

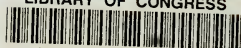
PAMELA. Oh, the years have been so weary! And now, I've bought your house to live in,—with music—with flowers—with freedom—with youth:—and (*she holds out her hands*) with you for my husband!

GREAME (*catching her in his arms*). Pamela! Pamela!

THE END.



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